

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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WITH SUPPLEMENT:
THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CREWS } SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: AN EGYPTIAN MIXED BATTERY OF ARTILLERY.

Over sandy ground the guns are carried by camels, but when stony ground or mountains have to be traversed they are transferred to mules.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

At Bow Street the other day our excellent Chief Magistrate administered a very proper reproof to those who come to a court of justice to hear and remain to cheer; and not long since another judge had to remind his audience that "the court is not a theatre" (though in fact it is). There seem to have been some exceptions to this rule—as, for example, when the Bishops were acquitted in James the Second's time; but, generally speaking, it is well not to holloa till you are out of the wood (of which a court of law has reminded many a suitor). In ancient Rome audiences used to applaud or to hiss, not the prisoners or the verdict, but the counsel on either side, and for a very good reason—they were paid for it. Each advocate had his *claqueurs*, which would nowadays, I suppose, be considered contrary to etiquette, but it no doubt gave a piquancy to civil actions. "Domitius Afer," we are told, "was pleading before the centumviri in his slow and impressive way, when on a sudden a shouting and clapping was heard in a neighbouring court. He paused in astonishment, and resumed after a grave look of indignation. Again another shouting, and another pause. A third time it occurred, and the advocate asked what it was. He was then told it was Licinius addressing the next court. Domitius Afer thereupon threw down his brief, exclaiming, 'This, my Lords, is intolerable; our profession is going to the dogs.' I do not know from whom Macaulay derived his information concerning "the varlets that are hired to hoot when brave Licinius speaks," but it was certainly not Domitius Afer.

It must have been very disagreeable to an impassioned Q.C. to be interrupted by applause in the next court bestowed on a rival advocate, perhaps belonging to the junior Bar. It would be interesting to know how these manifestations were got up. A successful defender of criminals could probably count upon some able-bodied supporters, but in the civil courts their appearance would excite suspicion. It would, therefore, probably be the duty of the counsel's clerk, or perhaps his devil, to select his partisans. This does not appear to have been done with discrimination, for Pliny complains that the yelling and shouting were disgraceful, and protests he would have left the profession "if it had not been that his friends thought he might as well make a little money first."

It is a common sight to behold turtles basking, or rather panting, in the windows of restaurants, often with the injurious words "Invalid Turtle" inscribed in their vicinity. It is generally supposed that they have seen but little of the world outside St. Helena or other still more remote islands; and, to judge by their appearance, one would say that they were rather dazed by the roar and tumult of the London streets. It now appears that this expression is one of apathy and boredom. They have, in reality, seen a great deal too much of street life. Turtles, I read, are lent to restaurants, as bears used to be lent to hairdressers, to give the idea of a high-class business. In most of these establishments you would find, if you wanted turtle soup, that the turtle was "off." What is there is literally mock turtle. They are hired by the day, and are moved from restaurant to restaurant, conferring, as it were, on each its title of nobility. A description of the metropolis from the turtle's point of view would be a novelty. "The Travelled Turtle" or "From a Window" (not in Thrums) would be a taking title.

It was asserted the other day, doubtless with the intention to annoy, that authors are much more voluminous in these days than of old. They may, and do, write more books; but by comparison with those of their forefathers they are very little ones. It would take three of the longest of them to fill the space of "Vanity Fair" or "Martin Chuzzlewit." Indeed, the farther we go into literary history the more prolific are the authors. When tired of verse-making Lopes de Vega gave his attention to novels. These he felt he reeled off with too great facility, so he self-imposed a check on their productions. He wrote one without the letter A in it, a second without an E, a third without an I, and a fourth and a fifth without O and U. This literary feat remains unparalleled; for though our modern novelists might do without the other vowels, some of them would find it quite impossible to do without the I.

There is a story extant which seems incredible, since the point of it supposes a member of the British Legislature not being able to pronounce his aitches. "This is hot!" remarked a brother senator on a certain sultry day. "'Ot is not the word," was the unfortunate rejoinder. "No, hot is the word," replied the other reprovingly. The same observation has now been found applicable to sunburn. "Hot is not the word" as regards the causes which produce it. It is "the penetration of reflected luminous rays to the deeper tissues beneath the skin." *Materfamilias* used ignorantly to think it a sign of health in her offspring when they returned "brown as berries, bless them!" from their annual trip to the seaside. Our family doctor knew better, and smiled professionally in his sleeve. He knew that whatever good the change had wrought in them had been more than compensated for by stuffy lodgings and bad food, and that the vermeil hue of health would fade

from their cheeks almost as quickly as the varnish off articles of silver "made in Germany"; but he too thought that it was due to the influences of sun and air. A learned physician has, however, been investigating sunburn, and finds it produced by penetrating light-rays, and not by heat at all. The face of "the victim" (formerly "the picture of health") he found to be not only swollen, but pitted, and at the bottom of each pit the microscope disclosed to him (what do you think? well, it's rather disappointing) a freckle! "It was clear that in each case the freckle had stopped the action of the rays which did the mischief to the tissues lying beneath, and this has led to the prevention of sunburn by coloured screens." Sunstroke itself can be averted by simply wearing hat and clothes with a fabric of orange hue: a lady who wore a blouse with red and white stripes had red stripes imprinted on her shoulders underneath the white, while the skin remained quite protected under the red. No remedy, in fact, is found to be so satisfactory as the use of pigments. The physician himself adopted them when climbing in Switzerland, and just at first rather astounded his fellow-tourists by appearing like a Red Indian; but when they perceived its efficacy they all came to him to be painted. He tried all kinds of pigments, and so did his volunteers, so that the table d'hôte must have been an interesting spectacle; but the colour that suited—he does not say "became" him—best was red.

As is usual in the case of the discoveries of medical science, the physician has found followers to "better instruction." A German doctor is now trying the effect of skin-painting for all sorts of diseases. It will take a little time to accustom the general public to see their fellow-creatures thus decorated. One can fancy the tenants of an omnibus very quickly tumbling out on the arrival of a passenger striped and barred. They would not wait to hear his explanation: "It is not smallpox, as you think, but only a method of precaution." Whether successful or not, the new treatment will be justly described as brilliant.

As not a week goes by without a discovery in medical science for the benefit of the human race, so, perhaps by way of compensation, we are not less frequently warned against something or other as being dangerous to health which has hitherto been considered absolutely innocuous. The last thing that has been found fatal to human life is the last thing we should have suspected—parrots. What is very remarkable, a parrot bacillus—the private and peculiar property of the bird—has not yet been detected; but this is only a question of time and imagination. The creature is a *upas*-tree in feathers. It is no wonder that the forests of South America have been found so fatal to the explorer, for it is well known that they are infested by this direful fowl. In Paris quite a scare has been created against the poor parrots, who can be bought there for the price of puppy dogs. Everybody is parting with their bright-winged favourites, and selling these sources of infection to their neighbours. In England we are not quite so frightened as all that. It has not been shown that the attendants at the parrot-houses in the Zoological Gardens are more short-lived than those who wait upon the great carnivora; while it is certain that the maiden aunts from whom we have expectations, and who generally keep parrots, live to unheard-of ages. "The public are warned against the dangerous habit of feeding from mouth to beak in which so many people indulge." I have much too great a respect for my own Joey to abstain from taking my meals with him in collaboration of this sort. He is losing his feathers (his brother, I am informed, passed the last six years of his life in a flannel dressing-gown), and I am growing bald; he swears at large, and there are, I regret to say, occasions on which I find myself indulging in cursory language; but I am not so unjust as to impute these coincidences to contagion.

I suppose if the society of parrots is so very dangerous that of parakeets must be perilous, if in a less degree. The late Mr. Jamrach must, in that case, have been the victim of a good many disorders. Frank Buckland gives a graphic description of a consignment of these little creatures in the Ratcliffe Highway establishment. There were no less than three thousand pairs of them—

The moment the door-handle was touched, I heard a noise which I can compare to nothing but the beating of a very heavy storm of rain upon the glass of a greenhouse. I cautiously entered the room, and then saw that it was one mass, windows and walls, of living Australian grass parakeets. When they saw us the birds began to chatter, and such a din I never heard before. On our advancing a step into the room, all the birds flew up in a dense cloud, flying about just like a crowd of gnats on a hot summer's evening, their wings causing a considerable rush of air, like the wind from a winnowing-machine. Such a number of birds I never saw before together in all my life.

Yet one never hears of anything breaking out in the Ratcliffe Highway establishment except tigers.

Fact, so long falsely supposed to be stranger than fiction, resents the discovery of her inferiority, and every now and then endeavours to recover her supremacy by a striking incident. Sometimes she gives a whole story ready made, as it were, for the novelist. In Liverpool, for example, a parcel with forty sovereigns in it has just been found by a sweep in a chimney. Years ago the woman who occupied

the house hid her accumulated savings in this out-of-the-way spot, and then, thinking she had placed them elsewhere, accused her son of stealing them. He left the house in indignation, and has never been heard of since. It is a tragic story, none the less because the materials are so commonplace, and though, so far as I know, unparalleled, it is by no means unlikely. How few of us there are who have not at one time in our lives put something or other away so very carefully that we have never found it again! Sometimes it even puts itself away. The disappearance of inanimate objects in an age of spook-finding and Mahatmas is a subject that has been curiously neglected. The world once lost a great (or, at all events, a long) poem of my own in that way. In pulling down an old inn on the Great North Road some years ago there were found in the roof a pair of horse-pistols, a mask of black wire, and a hundred pounds in notes of a long extinct local bank. This was probably a case of forgetting what had been put away in haste and fear.

The Kaiser is said to be grievously annoyed by the uncomplimentary letters addressed to him from this country owing to his injudicious Transvaal telegram. But why does he read them? He can hardly expect letters in English handwriting to be just now of a congratulatory character. He can surely afford to employ a secretary to winnow his correspondence. It is true it must be disagreeable to have an attendant who one knows is the recipient of it, and is privately bursting with the last joke about his respected employer. In the case of his sacred Majesty, to have such jokes in one's possession must be, however (in Germany at least), petty treason. After a week or so—just as soiled linen is sent to the wash—he might be interred in a fortress and a new secretary taken on.

It is very seldom that a novel which concerns itself mainly with the fortunes of a particular young woman—or even when she is not particular—is very successful in holding the reader's attention. The novelists, as a rule, are given to overestimate the importance of a girl in social life. Affairs do not really hinge upon her in the way they are made to do in fiction. Her influence on mankind in individual instances, if she be pretty and witty, it is true, is often very great—even greater than what is attributed to her; but beyond very narrow limits, as to number, her power ceases. However perfect may be her art, she cannot persuade more than half-a-dozen persons or so that she is in love with them; and the rest of mankind are apt to be of the poet's opinion—

If she is not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be?

This class of heroine is given, with modest self-depreciation, to asking two questions: "What have I done to be so universally beloved? Why is everyone so fond of me?" But, as a matter of fact, they are not. "A Lady of Quality," by the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," is a vigorous and almost successful attempt to show that a young woman of fashion can really be the "hub," and not the fly on the wheel. Her personal attractions are, of course, of the very first class, and they are enhanced up to the age of fifteen by the occasional use of masculine attire. Miss Clorinda Wildairs (*temp. Queen Anne*, by-the-bye) is accustomed at that age to delight her father's sporting and, to say truth, drunken guests by her dazzling beauty, her racy conversation, and her répertoire of rather *risqué* songs. Her fifteenth birthday is her last fling in the male character, since someone has suggested to her that she is getting a little too old for it—

When the men trooped into the black oak wainscoted dining-hall on the eventful night they found their audacious young hostess awaiting them in greater and more daring beauty than they had ever before beheld. She wore knee-breeches of white satin, a pink satin coat embroidered with silver roses, white silk stockings, and shoes with great buckles of brilliants, revealing a leg so round and strong and delicately moulded, and a foot so arched and slender as surely never before, they swore one and all, woman had had to display. She met them standing jauntily astride upon the hearth, her back to the fire, and she greeted each one as he came with some pretty impudence.

Among the old fellows who welcomed her presence was on this occasion, for the first time, a young one, Sir John Owen. He was as comely as herself, with his own curling hair (instead of the usual wig) flowing loose on his shoulders, and though masculine in mould, with an ankle as slender and a foot as well arched as her own. "These two young fellows standing smiling saucily at each other were a charming though singular spectacle." The effect they have on each other's lives forms a story of intense dramatic interest. In spite of her dreadful upbringing Clorinda attains the summit of her ambition and dies a duchess; but the wonder of her history consists not in its transformation scenes but in the constancy of her character, and the strength with which it surmounts every obstacle to her success. Beginning as a hoyden and something worse, she gradually wins her way to all hearts, including that of the reader. What to some will prove as interesting as her biography itself is her theological views: they seem a little "previous" for the days in which she (very literally) flourished, but are worthy of considerable attention. She explodes the theory of the "sanctity of human life" in the persons of unmitigated ruffians and black-mailers in a novel and refreshing manner, and will take her place in the long picture-gallery of fiction as an original portrait of the highest merit.

EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.
LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

Special Cheap Return Tickets will be issued on FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and SUNDAY, APRIL 3, 4, and 5, to and from London and the Seaside, available for Return on any day up to and including WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, as per Special Bills.

EXTRA TRAINS FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.—The 4.55 a.m. from London Bridge will convey Passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Newport, and Cowes, and the 4.55 p.m. from Victoria for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, and Ventnor on APRIL 1, 2, and 4.

PARIS AT EASTER.—SPECIAL CHEAP

EXCURSION (1st and 2nd Class only), THURSDAY, APRIL 2, by the Special Express Day Service.—Leaving London Bridge 10 a.m., Victoria 10 a.m., and Kensington (Addison Road) 9.30 a.m. Excursion Tickets (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will also be issued by Express Night Service, leaving Victoria 8.50 p.m., and London Bridge 9 p.m. on WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, SUNDAY, and MONDAY, APRIL 1 to 6 inclusive.

Return from Paris by 9 p.m. Night Service only on any day within 5 days of the date of issue. Fares: First Class, 39s. 3d.; Second Class, 39s. 3d.; Third Class, 26s.

First and Second Class Passengers may return by the Day Service from Paris 10 a.m. on payment of 4s. 9d. and 3s. respectively.

BRIGHTON AND WORTHING.—GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER SUNDAY.—A CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m. to Brighton and Worthing, and 12.15 p.m. to Brighton only. Day Return Tickets, 10s. to Brighton; 11s. to Worthing.

BRIGHTON AND WORTHING, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, AND SUNDAY TO WEDNESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP

TICKETS from London by all Trains according to class and by SPECIAL TRAIN, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, from Victoria, 2 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington (Addison Road) 1.30 p.m., calling at West Brompton; from London Bridge 2.15 p.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon, to Brighton and Worthing.

Returning by any Train according to class on any day up to and including WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8. Fares from London 14s., 8s. 6d., 6s. 4d. to Brighton, and 14s., 9s., 6d., 7s. to Worthing.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, and EASTBOURNE.—Fast Trains every Week-day. From Victoria—9.50 a.m. 12 noon, 1.30 p.m., and 3.27 p.m.; also 4.30 p.m. and 5.40 p.m. to Eastbourne only.

From London Bridge—9.45 a.m., 12.30 p.m., 2.50 p.m., 4.50 p.m., and 5.50 p.m.

PORTSMOUTH and the ISLE OF WIGHT, SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, from Victoria, 1 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington (Addison Road) 12.45 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea, from London Bridge 2.30 p.m. Returning by certain trains only the following TUESDAY evening.

SPECIAL CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS—

GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY AND MONDAY, From London Bridge and Victoria to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, and Hastings; and on EASTER TUESDAY to Brighton and Worthing.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GOOD FRIDAY.—GRAND SACRED CONCERT.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge and New Cross, also from Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and Clapham Junction.

BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES.—For the convenience of Passengers who may desire to take their Tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, and to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent:—

The Company's West-End Booking Offices: 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings. The Company's City Booking Offices: 6, Arthur Street East, and Hay's Galleria Exchange Buildings, Cornhill.

Cook's Travel Offices: Ludgate Circus, 33, Piccadilly, 13, Cockspur Street, 445, West Strand, 93, Gracechurch Street, 82, Oxford Street, and Euston Road (St. Pancras Station).

Gaze's Tourist Offices: 142, Strand, 18, Westbourne Grove, 4, Northumberland Avenue, and Piccadilly Circus. 5, Camden Road, 39, Leadenhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Nottling Hill Gate.

Myers' 343, Gray's Inn Road, and 1A, Pentonville Road. Swan and Leach's: 3, Charing Cross, and 32, Piccadilly Circus. The Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, Westminster. Civil Service Supply Association: 136, Queen Victoria Street, and Bedford Street, Strand.

For further Particulars see Easter Programmes and Handbills, to be had at all Stations, and at any of the above Offices. (By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

EASTER ON THE CONTINENT, via HARWICH and the Hook of Holland, leaving London every evening and arriving at the Chief Dutch cities early next morning.

GERMANY.—Direct Services via the Hook of Holland.

BELGIUM.—Brussels, the Ardennes, &c., via Antwerp daily (Sundays excepted).

Through Service from Scotland, the Northern and Midland Counties, via Lincoln, or Peterborough and March.

HAMBURG by G.S.N. Company's fast Passenger Steamers, "Prestige" and "Seaworm," from Harwich, April 2 and 4.

For further Information apply to the American Rendezvous, 2, Cockspur Street, S.W.; or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

ORIENT COMPANY'S YACHTING CRUISES

FOR GREECE, CONSTANTINOPLE, &c. The Steam-ship LUSITANIA, 387 tons' register, will leave London March 31 for a 47 days' Cruise, visiting GIBRALTAR, MALAGA, PALEMO, MALTA, KATAKOLO, NAUPLIA, PIRAEUS (for Athens), DELOS, SMYRNA, CONSTANTINOPLE, SANTORIN, TUNIS, ALGIERS, arriving at Plymouth May 15, and London May 16.

SICILY, VENICE, CORFU, ALGERIA, &c. The GARONNE, 387 tons' register, will leave London April 22, visiting CADIZ, TANGER, MALAGA, PALEMO, TAORMINA, VENICE, RAGUSA, CORFU, MALTA, PHILIPPEVILLE (for Constantine), GIBRALTAR, arriving at Plymouth May 29, and London May 30.

String Band, Electric Light, High-Class Cuisine, Managers { F. GREEN & CO. } Head Offices. ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and CO. Fenchurch Avenue. For particulars of above and of later cruises apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.; or to the West End Branch Office, 16, C. Cockspur Street, S.W.

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Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1864.

D. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

Extract from the "Medical Times," Jan. 12, 1860: "Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course, it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

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SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS

TO BOULOGNE.—Charing Cross dep. 10 a.m., Saturday, April 4, 2s. (First Class), 12s. 6d. (Third Class). Returning at 2.18 p.m. on Bank Holiday.

PARIS.—Charing Cross dep. 8.15 p.m., 37s. 6d. (Second Class), 30s. (Third Class), April 1 to 6. Tickets available for fourteen Days.

CALAIS.—Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 a.m., 17s. 6d. (First Class), 2s. 6d. (Third Class), Monday, April 6. Returning same day at 1.30 p.m. and 3.45 p.m., or 1.30 a.m. on following day. Cheap Return Tickets, available by certain Trains, will also be issued at Charing Cross and Cannon Street on April 2, 3, and 5.

BRUSSELS, via Calais.—Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 a.m. or 8.15 p.m., 54s. (First Class), 40s. 6d. (Second Class), 25s. 9d. (Third Class, and by 8.15 p.m. Train only), April 1 to 6.

BRUSSELS, via Ostend.—Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 a.m., 52s. (First Class), 39s. 6d. (Second Class), 29s. 11d. (Third Class), April 1 to 6. Tickets available for eight days.

CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS.

Charing Cross, Waterloo, Cannon Street, London Bridge, and New Cross, to

	GOOD FRIDAY.	EASTER MONDAY.		
Train.	Return Fares	Train.	Return Fares	
	Third Class.		Third Class.	
TUN. WELLS ..	a.m. 8 28	3 0	a.m. 8 30	4 0
HASTINGS ..	8 28	4 0	8 30	5 0
ASHFORD ..	8 3	3 0	7 17	3 6
CANTERBURY ..	7 38	4 0	7 40	5 0
DEAL ..	7 38	4 0	7 40	5 0
WALMER ..	7 38	4 0	7 40	5 0
RAMSGATE ..	7 38	4 0	7 40	5 0
MARGATE ..	7 38	4 0	7 40	5 0
HYTHE ..	8 3	3 6	7 17	5 0
SANDIDGE ..	8 3	3 6	7 17	5 0
FOLKESTONE ..	8 3	4 0	7 17	5 0
DOVER ..	8 3	4 0	7 17	5 0
ALDERSHOT ..	Any train.	7 0 & 9 28	3 0	1 6
GRAVESEND ..	Any train.	1 6	Any train.	1 6
ROCHESTER ..	8 22	2 6	8 0 & 10 0	2 6
CHATHAM ..	8 22	2 6	8 0 & 10 0	2 6
HEERNESS ..	9 10	2 6	9 10	2 6

Waterloo, 9.15, and Cannon Street 9.25 a.m., changing at London Bridge. The 7 and 9.28 a.m. Trains do not call at New Cross.

† Also on Easter Sunday.

SPECIAL TRAINS for HAYES, BLACKHEATH, GREENWICH, GRAVESEND (for ROSEHILL GARDENS), &c.

The Continental Services will run as usual.

Special Note.—The Cheap Friday or Saturday to Monday Tickets to CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, SANDWICH, DEAL, WALMER, HYTHE, SANDIDGE, FOLKESTONE, and DOVER, issued on Thursday, April 2, and the Cheap Sunday to Monday Tickets to TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, RAMSGATE, and MARGATE, issued on Good Friday and Easter Sunday, will be available to return up to and including Wednesday, April 8.

For full Particulars of the Return Times of Excursions, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Bills and Holiday Programme. ALFRED WILLIS, Manager.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Colonel Sir H. Colvile, of the Grenadier Guards, is, apparently, as fond of the stage as ever. He is the author this year of the musical romance produced with great success at Chelsea Barracks in aid of various deserving charities immediately connected with the Brigade of Guards. I rather fancy that Sir Henry Colvile's first appearance on any stage must have been at the Gaiety in April 1878, when an amateur pantomime was performed in aid of the *Eurydice* Fund, and realised about £400. The pantomime was specially written for the occasion by Robert Reece, W. S. Gilbert, and Frank Burnand. The subject of the play was "The Forty Thieves," and in the harlequinade William Yardley made an admirable clown; Gilbert was the most solemn, accurate, and deliberate of harlequins; and the pantaloon was old Knox Holmes, who had figured in innumerable amateur performances at a far earlier date. In the cast were also Archie Stuart Wortley (Hassarac), C. P. Colnaghi (Abdallah), and Henry Colvile, the most active, agile, and comical of policemen. The first amateur pantomime in which the same Knox Holmes appeared was at the Olympic in 1855. Albert Smith, the novelist and entertainer, originated the idea mainly for the sake of seeing "Joe Robins" as clown. On this occasion John Bidwell, of the Foreign Office, was harlequin; Arthur Smith, the brother of Albert, was pantaloon; and Edmund Yates, the "lover"—the swell who was always harlequin's unsuccessful rival in columbine's affections in the palmy days of Joey Grimaldi. Of that famous troupe, that included Tom Taylor, Palgrave Simpson, Patty Oliver, and Rosina Bright, I do not think one member survives. The pantomime was so successful that it was repeated before the Queen and the Prince Consort at Drury Lane, much to the delight of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who was then a lad of fourteen, and even then an experienced playgoer.

The Guards' Play at Chelsea Barracks never fails to bring out some specially good acting, singing, or dancing on the part of some of the amateurs. The chief feature of the play this year is the remarkable acting talent shown by Mrs. Wheler, who at once made a mark. There is very little trace of the amateur in her acting. Her hands, instead of being in the way, as is often the case with amateurs, are eloquent, and she shows both style and piquancy. I am told that this is Mrs. Wheler's first excursion into comic opera. Hitherto she has taken serious parts, notably Dora, in "Diplomacy," a performance which I regret I never saw. Mr. George Nugent is an old hand at this pleasant fun, and is, of course, a huge favourite with the pit and gallery, composed of the rank and file of the Guards, their wives, sweethearts, and children; and among the other successful performers were Sir A. Webster, Captain Macdonald, Mr. Larking, and Captain Baden-Powell, Lady Colvile, Miss Howard Pawley, and Mrs. Paston Cooper. To my astonishment, no one seemed to suffer the slightest nervousness or stage fright. They were all like old staggers.

We all went to the Olympic the other evening expecting to be deeply impressed with the new nautical drama called "True Blue," which was to revive the glorious days of T. P. Cooke and Dick Sheppard, with this difference, that we were to see a real ship this time, real sailors, real discipline, and the kind of daily routine that goes on to-day on an armed cruiser. To tell the truth, the detail and the discipline were so mixed up with funny incidents that hearty laughter took the place of surprise. It was a drama without a thrill in it, for the sensation of the lady in the boiler could not fail to turn out a comical scene. It would appear that before sailing from a port in Spain an English man-of-war accidentally shipped three most delightful stowaways. One was a female bull-fighter, passionately in love with the gallant English naval officer who was responsible for the safety of the ship. In the attractive personage of Mrs. Cecil Raleigh this Andalusian beauty proceeds to vow vengeance against her hated rival, a sweet English girl, prettily played by Miss Laura Graves, who promptly conceals herself in the ship's boiler in order to avoid a female vendetta. The trio is completed by merry Kate Phillips, an attractive waiting-maid, who joins the game of puss-in-the-corner by hiding in a huge ottoman, which is promptly conveyed, lady's-maid and all, to the Captain's cabin. All the elements of farce are there when a jealous officer, who has had a rival promoted over his head, comes in to the Captain's cabin and finds him now in the arms of the female bull-fighter, now in the embraces of the General's daughter, now trying to explain how a lady's-maid got into his cabin trunk. "This shall go to the Admiralty," groans the supplanted officer, who is not included in this boardship romance, much to his disgust; and it is not until the feverish Spaniard has been incarcerated in a water-tight compartment, and the female mystery solved, that Mr. William Rignold gets his chance of showing the audience how admirably he can grasp a telling and effective situation. Unfortunately for Mr. Rignold, this capital scene occurred when half the audience had gone home to bed, and the majority of the critics were off to work, seeing that the curtain was not rung down until midnight; but they can take it from me that the scene of reconciliation between the brother-officers was excellently played both by Mr. William Rignold and Mr. Bucklaw, and proved the most pathetic incident of the long evening. By this time, no doubt a good hour has been cut out of the play, and action has taken the place of drag. All that could be done for this curious drama was certainly done by Mrs. Cecil Raleigh, who has never before appeared to such advantage; by Miss Laura Graves, who was prettily

pathetic; and by Miss Kate Phillips, whose flirtations with the bo'sun recalled the glorious old nautical days at the Surrey. And this reminds me of a good story. A rather dull nautical play was in progress in the old Dick Sheppard days at the Surrey, and it had the effect of sending a Jewish gentleman to sleep in the pit. Suddenly he was awakened out of his slumbers by an enthusiastic cry, "A sail! a sail!" The awakened Jew rubbed his eyes and murmured, "A sale! a sale! and s'elp me, I've not got a catalogue!"

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

TOM HUGHES.

It says much for the hold which the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays" had on the public for fifty years that he was never known as Thomas Hughes; and that most people, except in strict professional circles, found it quite impossible to call him Judge Hughes. No author in our time has enjoyed so widespread and enduring a popularity on account of a single book. Mr. Hughes published a considerable number of volumes. Only the other day were reprinted the letters of "Vacuus Viator," which he wrote in the *Spectator* at intervals since 1862, but to none of these works was accorded the success which rewarded his first essay in literature. "Tom Brown" remains the classic of public-school life. Its sequel, "Tom Brown at Oxford," had none of its attraction. Mr. Hughes painted Rugby under the reign of Dr. Arnold, whose pupil he was,

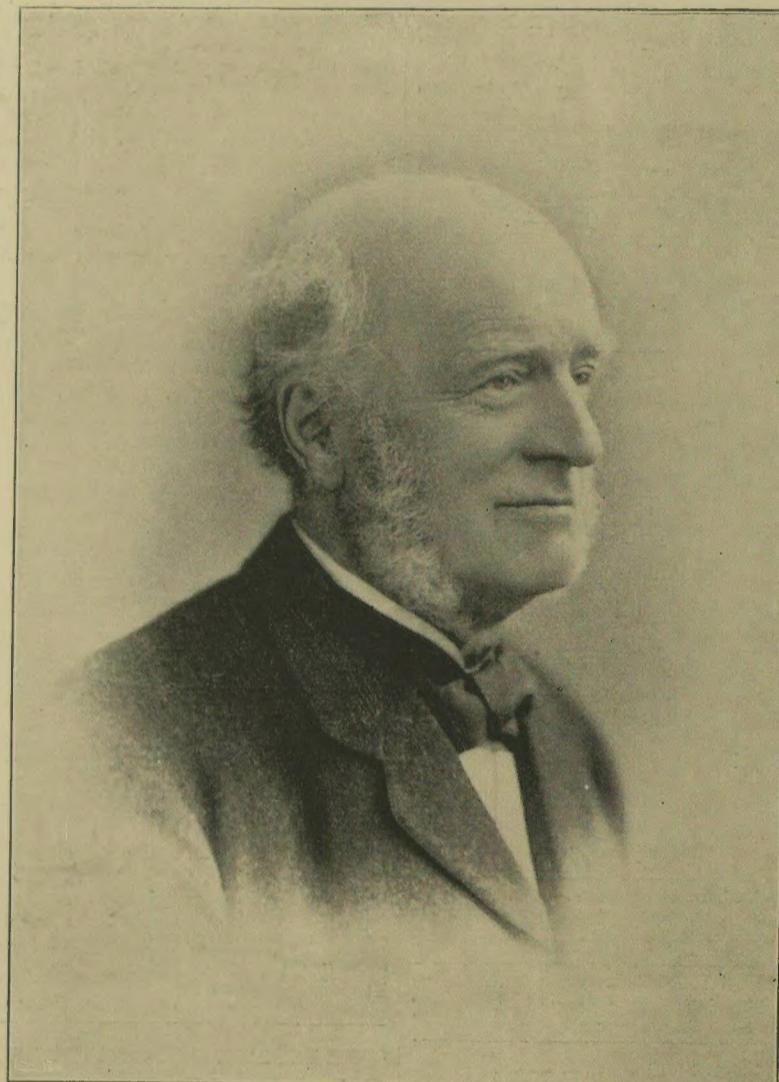


Photo Brandebourg, Chester.
THE LATE MR. THOMAS HUGHES, Q.C.,
AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS."

and whose ideas, in many respects, dominated him all his life. The infinite superiority of "Tom Brown" to the mass of fiction which followed in its wake was due to a robust manliness. There is in Tom Hughes's work none of the sickliness which writers who thought they were following his pattern mistook for moral purpose. The tone of the great Rugby epic was wholesome, but it was not namby-pamby. Its hero was not the model boy who shrinks from a pugilistic encounter as from a barbarism which would shock his mamma. Tom Brown could give hard knocks on occasion, and it is probable that these knocks are more faithfully remembered by his admirers after many years than anything else in his career. There are two great fights of boyish champions in English fiction. One is the encounter between William Dobbin and Reginald Cuff, in "Vanity Fair"; and beside that Homeric combat may be set the memorable triumph of Tom Brown. But the story of Rugby has associations of another character. It belongs to the atmosphere which made Dr. Arnold's rule the blossoming time of the Broad Church movement. The author, in his schooldays, was the companion of Matthew Arnold, Clough, and Stanley, whose personality is easily recognisable in "Tom Brown," under the character of Arthur. Hughes carried into his public life the spirit of the doctrine which exalted good works above dogmas. He was amongst the foremost in many movements which aimed at the social well-being of the masses of the people. He threw himself with great energy into an enterprise, unfortunately miscalculated, though the intention was excellent. This was a settlement in Texas, designed to provide a field for the energies of young men who felt themselves cabin'd and confin'd in the Mother-country. After leaving Oxford, Mr. Hughes was called to the Bar, in 1848. In 1865 he entered Parliament as member for Lambeth, and in 1868 he was returned for Frome, which he represented till 1874. In 1882 he was appointed County

Court judge for the Chester Circuit. His latter years were distinguished by unabated zeal for philanthropy, in which he consistently showed that excellent common-sense which is not always associated with philanthropic ambition. The muscular Christianity of which his friend Charles Kingsley was the chief exponent has not, perhaps, left a definite impression on modern thought; but it was a frame of mind, not a creed, as Mr. Birrell once said of certain political principles; it was the attitude of the average layman who had neither time nor inclination to vex himself with theological problems; and it had in Tom Hughes a representative who retained to the end of his long life the affectionate esteem of a multitude of his countrymen.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

In Egypt at the present moment there is a considerable amount of bustle among the Khedive's Government officials in the War Office department, while the Sirdar, or Commander-in-Chief, Sir H. H. Kitchener, with the British officers of his staff or holding regimental commissions, has completed and partly executed the arrangements for the force to be assembled at Wady Halfa at the beginning of next week. The 1st Battalion of the North Staffordshire Regiment left Cairo by railway, for Assouan, on Sunday last, and Sir Herbert Kitchener, with Major Wingate, Slatin Pasha, and Captain Watson, aide-de-camp, started in the evening of the same day. The whole force will eventually comprise three battalions of British troops, ten thousand Egyptian native and Soudanese regular infantry, under British officers, and an irregular corps of seven thousand Bedouins or Arabs, besides field artillery, machine guns, and some light cavalry and camelry to act as scouts in the desert. It will require, probably, a month at Wady Halfa before a sufficient number of transport camels for the conveyance of stores can be collected, and the advance of the main body of this expedition may be deferred until after the hot season, unless the enemy should appear to be gathering in large numbers around Dongola. The point first occupied is Akashesh, eighty miles beyond Sarras, where an old line of railway, laid down in former years and then abandoned, has been put in working condition for transport, alongside the Second Cataract of the Nile. Akashesh, which is at about one-third of the whole distance from Wady Halfa to Dongola, was occupied on Friday week by Major Collinson's advanced party of Colonel Hunter's force, who immediately began to construct a fort there, and reinforcements, with stores of all kinds, were immediately forwarded to them from Sarras. This position will be strongly held; but there is another and shorter practicable route to Dongola, through several oases, from Toski, fifty miles from Wady Halfa, to the west bank of the Nile below the Third Cataract. No signs of the enemy have yet been perceived, nor have any rumours of hostile approach been heard in the camp.

BANQUET TO
MR. JUSTIN McCARTHY, M.P.

It is the custom of Irishmen in London to finish the celebration of St. Patrick's Day with a dinner, and this year the wonted ceremony, which was held in the King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant, was identified with a banquet given as a compliment to Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., on the occasion of his retirement from the leadership of the Anti-Parnellite party in the House of Commons. Mr. John Dillon, M.P., Mr. McCarthy's successor in office, presided, and the company consisted of some three hundred ladies and gentlemen of Irish nationality. The word "nationality" is used advisedly, for it was naturally in the

air on this occasion, and the toast of "Ireland a Nation," proposed by the chairman in a characteristic speech, was drunk amid much enthusiasm. The toast of "Our Guest" was the signal for a demonstration which must have been highly gratifying to Mr. McCarthy. Mr. Dillon in suitable terms recalled the many services rendered by Mr. McCarthy to his party, and was followed by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., and Mr. Edward Blake, M.P., who also dwelt upon the many admirable qualities of the retiring leader, who has earned alike the gratitude of his party and the respect of his opponents. Mr. McCarthy responded in a pleasant speech, commending Mr. Dillon to his audience, and announcing that he had no intention of giving up his seat in Parliament.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

Not for some years has there prevailed so generally, or down to so late a date in the period of training, such division of opinion as has this year been maintained concerning the probable result of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race. The merits and demerits of the rival crews have repeatedly been summed up and balanced against each other, but the process has by no means added confidence to prophecy. When they first arrived on the course, Cambridge impressed some excellent judges as the better crew; but Oxford subsequently improved so rapidly as to render such an opinion of but little account. The only assertion which can be made with confidence before the event is that both crews are above the average. However, by the time these remarks meet the eye of the majority of our readers the time-honoured race, which never fails to excite the keenest public interest, will once more have been won—and lost. Meanwhile, in accordance with our custom, we give the portraits of the two crews and sundry views taken during their daily practice.

THE LATE ARCHDEACON DENISON.

Archdeacon George Anthony Denison, who lately kept the golden jubilee of his ministry at East Brent, died there last Saturday morning, blessed by his Bishop and beloved of all men. He was born at Ossington, Northamptonshire, at the end of 1805, the son of John Wilkinson, who took the name and fortune of his cousin, William Denison, of Leeds. Never, perhaps, was a testator's fancy so well fulfilled, for the name the Wilkinsons thus adopted they proceeded straightway to make illustrious. The eldest brother of the Archdeacon became the Speaker of the House of Commons, and afterwards Lord Ossington. Another brother was Bishop of Salisbury. Of other brothers, Sir William was Governor of Madras, and Stephen was Deputy-Judge-Advocate. One sister married Speaker Manners Sutton, afterwards Lord Canterbury, and another married Sir Robert Phillimore. The future Archdeacon was educated at Eton—a "happy boy at Drury's"—and afterwards at Oxford, where he took a first-class at Christ Church and a Fellowship at Oriel. The Common Room at Oriel brought him into contact with Newman, Whately, Arnold, Hampden, and Hurrell Froude; but he himself thought it "a dull place socially." The Rev. Thomas Mozley did not hold that view, yet he speaks of Denison as "contributing much to the life and brightness of the Common Room in my time," and recalls "his handsome figure, his pleasant smile, his ever-ready wit."

The future Archdeacon took orders while he was still at Oxford, and his first curacy was at Cuddesdon, under Bishop Bagot. Six years later his brother, the Bishop, gave him the living first of Broadwindsor, and then the valuable one of East Brent, and in 1851 he was made Archdeacon of Taunton—"the great Archdeacon of the West," he was sometimes called. "St. George without the Dragon" was another epithet applied to him—by one of his brothers—in allusion to his many combats and his absence of malice in even the violent prosecution of them. "St. George with the drag-off" was Lord Lytton's variation of the phrase, in allusion to the Archdeacon's unbridled energy of speech. Very early did controversies begin. Oxford was already alive with them; and the year 1851 witnessed what was, to some minds, a theological crisis, the Gorham decision. Denison was among the most eloquent to denounce it, but he did not, like his friends and fellows, Archdeacons Manning and Robert Wilberforce, carry his protest to the point of secession. His own Archbishop and himself were forced into litigation by a brother clergyman, who disapproved of Denison's teaching on the Real Presence, and who saw him deprived of his vicarage and archdeaconry by one court only to be reinstated by another. The School Board system and the Higher Criticism of Scripture equally provoked the Archdeacon to battle. If he kept the School Board at a distance, he at least showed himself alive to the temporal as well as the spiritual needs of his flock; and many hundreds of pounds were spent by him in improving the water-supply of the village. At the close of a long life of struggles and protests, the venerable Archdeacon passed away from the world with his hand raised in benison.

THE LATE MR. GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A.

With Mr. George Richmond, R.A. (retired) who died on March 19 in York Street, Portman Square, almost the last surviving link between the artists of the beginning of

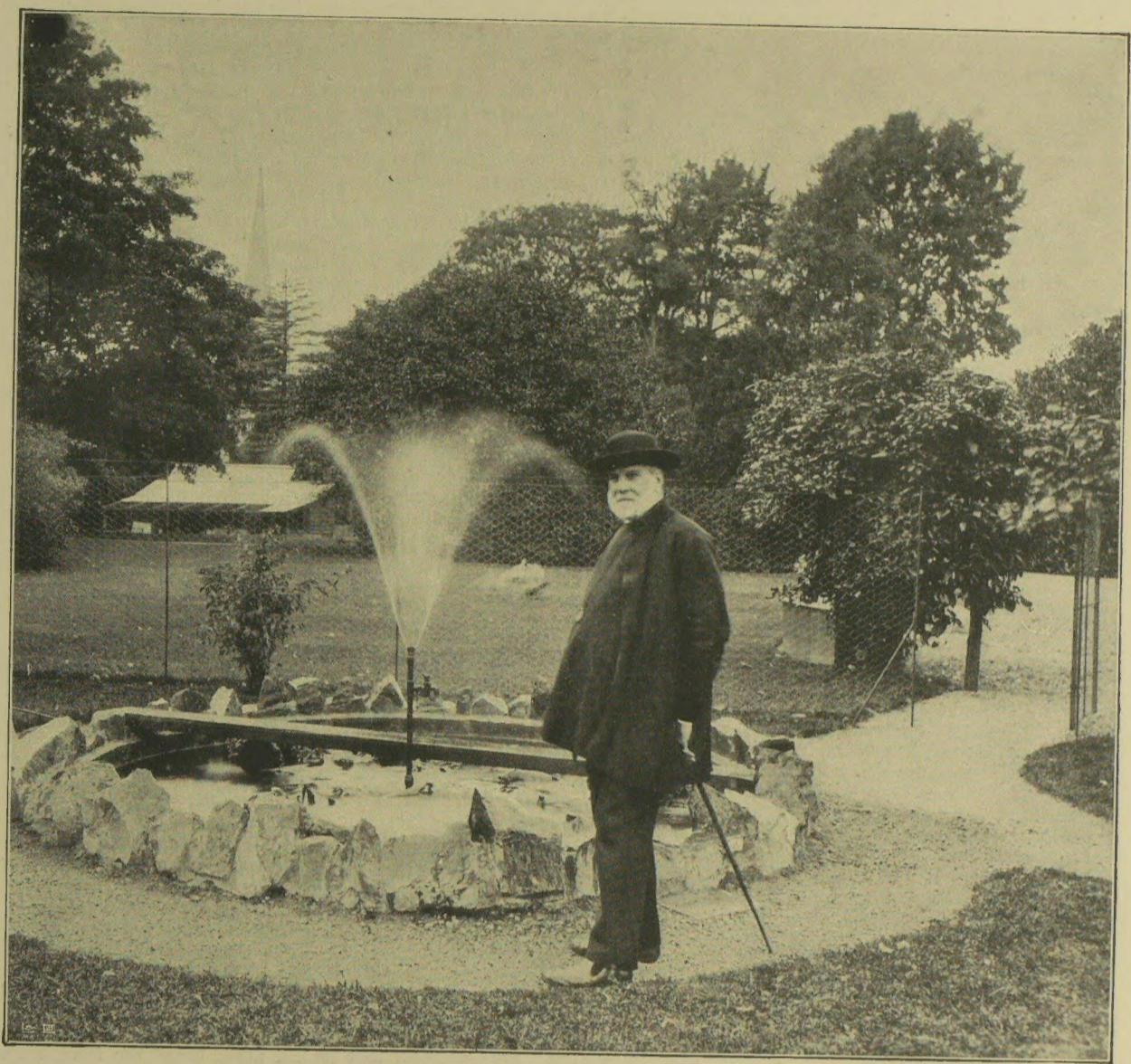


Photo W. Ellis.

THE LATE ARCHDEACON DENISON AT GLASTONBURY.

the century has been severed. Born at Brompton in 1810, he was an Academy student in 1825, and there and then became associated with the group of young men—of whom John Linnell, Samuel Palmer, and Edward Calvert were the most prominent—who gathered round William Blake and listened with mingled awe and admiration to the mystic utterances of that artist, and criticised, probably, with greater freedom "the Ancient's" later drawings. In 1828 George Richmond went to Paris to pursue his studies, but returned in 1831, and at once began painting portraits, chiefly in water-colours. It was in this medium that he painted the portrait of William

Wilberforce, Sir Robert Inglis, Lord Sidmouth, and others. After several years of hard work, and constantly increasing commissions, Richmond paid his first visit to Rome, which lasted for nearly three years (1837-40), and gave him opportunity of still further increasing his connection with the eminent men of the day. On his return to London he resumed his work as a portrait-painter, and for the next ten or twelve years devoted himself almost exclusively to that line—first in chalk and afterwards in water-colours. His style was always graceful and correct, and some of his portraits were eminently popular. Their name might almost be called legion, and among the subjects were many of the most notable men and women of the middle period of the century, including, to name but a few, Queen Adelaide, Macaulay, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell, Darwin, Manning, Newman, and Lord Palmerston. In 1846 he succeeded Sir W. A. Callcott, R.A., on the Council of the Schools of Design, and about this time he took up the use of oil-colours, which he subsequently employed in his more "official" portraits. He was elected an Associate in 1857, and a full Academician in 1866; and in 1871 was offered the Directorship of the National Gallery, a post which was again pressed upon him in 1874. He practically abandoned his profession as a painter in 1881 (subsequently resigning his membership) on the death of his wife, Julia, daughter of Charles Heathcote Tatham, whom he had married at Gretna Green in 1831; but in 1883 he executed a marble bust of Dr. Pusey, and in 1887 he painted a portrait of Lord Salisbury for the Queen. Mr. Richmond's few works of sculpture are of sufficient artistic value to show that he might have won considerable distinction in the sister art had he chosen to devote himself to it. His monument of Bishop Blomfield appropriately links his name with St. Paul's Cathedral, from which that of his gifted son, Mr. W. B. Richmond, will never pass away. Mr. Richmond was a man of rare social gifts, of discriminating taste and wide learning, both Universities recognising his qualifications by conferring upon him honorary degrees.



THE LATE MR. GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A., IN HIS STUDIO.

Photo Mayall.

PERSONAL.

Lady Burton, whose death in her apartments in Baker Street occurred this week, had been an invalid for some time, although she retained till the last a buoyancy and sprightliness which belied her years, as did her appearance also. The daughter of an ancient Roman Catholic family, she encountered some opposition when she married Captain Sir Richard Burton—a young Lieutenant in the Bombay



Photo Gunn and Stuart.

THE LATE LADY BURTON.

army when first she met him. Their marriage was, however, a thoroughly happy one. Her husband was her hero throughout; she shared his dangers and fatigues as a traveller; and when he gratified her on his death-bed by receiving the last rites of the Roman Catholic Church, she felt that she had fulfilled her life's mission. Henceforth she was mostly interested in the Arab-tent-mausoleum she erected over his remains at Mortlake, and in preparing a place for her own body, so that he and she, the two most restless and intrepid of travellers, might rest at last side by side. The period of his Consulate at Trieste she looked upon as the happiest of her life; but it was also a grief to her that her husband had not a greater share of official favour. Nevertheless, he had his reward in a large fame, in enduring friendships, and, above all, in the devotion of his wife, to whom, moreover, was assigned a Civil List pension of £150 a year. The sixteen thousand guineas he made out of his translation of "The Thousand and One Nights" he himself expended; but a translation he made from the Persian, "The Scented Garden," and left in manuscript, was consigned to the flames by his widow, who did not think it fit for publication, and was willing to be a large pecuniary loser by her scruples.

Lady Burton was a great supporter of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. She established a branch of it in Trieste, and she carried on, by letter, an enormous propaganda in this righteous cause. Her husband tolerated, even when he did not support, the enthusiasms of his wife; and these, it must be owned, were chiefly in his own favour. Even of his personal appearance she was the open admirer; and Leighton's portrait of him, which admittedly smoothed away many ruggednesses to flatter her whims, she finally returned to the artist as "too plain" to give her pleasure.

Mr. Frank Power, the circumstances of whose death in the Soudan Mr. Morley, in the House the other night, admitted he had forgotten, will long be remembered as a link between two great men—Gordon and Newman. To Frank Power the General gave in Khartoum a copy of the Cardinal's "Dream of Gerontius," all scored by him in preparation for the approaching hour of his death. Frank Power posted the precious copy to his sister in Dublin, and it remains the most touching memento of Gordon's last days. Cardinal Newman was allowed to inspect it, and it "took away his breath" to find "that a book of mine had been in General Gordon's hands, and that the description of a soul preparing for death."

The diocese of Winchester has long felt the need of a Suffragan-Bishop, and now that Bishop Awdry has gone to Japan, the Bishop of Winchester has asked his old friend, the Rev. George Carnac Fisher, to come to his assistance, and the Crown has approved the appointment. Mr. Fisher has somewhat fallen out of the public ken since his resignation of the vicarage of Croydon in 1894, but he is a decidedly able man, and will be a great acquisition to the diocese of Winchester. He is a graduate of Oxford, and his first curacy was at St. James's, Doncaster. In 1870 he accepted a curacy at Dartford, where, oddly enough, his fellow-curate was Bishop Randall Davidson. He subsequently held several important benefices, but since 1894 he has been living in retirement.

It is reported that Said Pasha, "Little Said," who sought asylum at the British Embassy in Constantinople, and was persuaded by the Sultan to accept his assurances of disinterested friendship, has resolved to come to England. His friends say he is by no means easy in his mind under the blandishments of the Yildiz Kiosq. Should he manage to leave Constantinople, Said will not be the only exile from the Sultan's benevolence. By-and-bye there will be quite a colony of distinguished Pashas in London and Paris.

A number of M.P.s intend to spend their Easter vacation in Egypt. This is an ominous piece of news for Mr. George Curzon, who may see in it the prospect of a fine crop of questions to Ministers when the House of Commons reassembles. It will be interesting to know whether any of the M.P.s propose to accompany the Nile Expedition a little way, for their constituents may like to be prepared for complications that would arise should any of these adventurous legislators fall into the hands of the Dervishes.

Mr. William Q. Judge has departed this life. He was one of the coadjutors of Madame Blavatsky, and claimed to have inherited all her miraculous powers, together with what passed for the seals and the handwriting of the Mahatmas. In other words, William Q. Judge was a particularly audacious but not very expert impostor. The revelations of his practices led to

convulsion in the Theosophical Society. Mrs. Besant called for an explanation, and Mr. Judge retorted by citing the authority of the Mahatmas, seals and all, for her deposition. As Madame Blavatsky was said to have made astral communications after her death to Mrs. Besant, perhaps that lady will now receive the outpourings of William Q. Judge's departed spirit.

Mr. Chamberlain has to consider a knotty little Colonial question. He is invited by representatives of the Colonies to discuss the propriety of introducing a Bill to relieve people who have married their deceased wives' sisters in Australia, New Zealand, or Canada, and the children of such unions, from the legal disabilities imposed on those who contract these marriages in this country. It is assumed that this can be done without giving any advantage to the agitation in favour of legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister in England. This is a point which ought to afford considerable exercise to the Colonial Secretary's ingenuity.

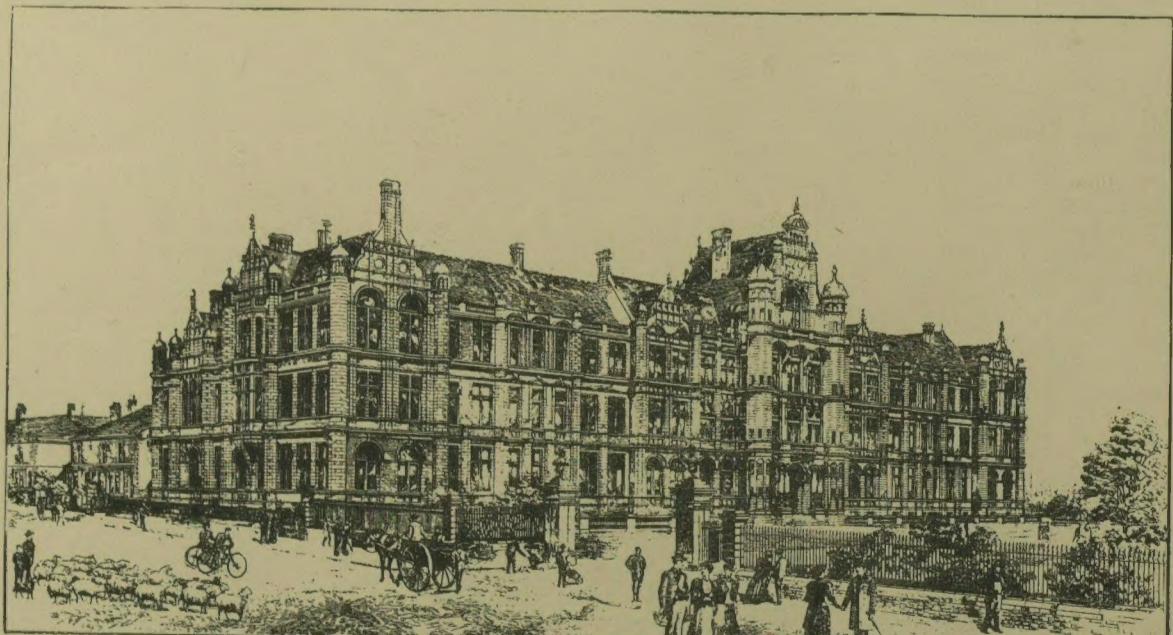
Mr. Balfour is not fortunate as a cyclist. He has had two accidents. He was upset not long ago in the Old Kent Road, and lately he had a nasty tumble, which gave him a sprained wrist. He has appeared in the House with his arm in a sling. His brother, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, strained the tendons of one foot when running up stairs, and has limped ever since—that is to say, physically, not politically. Mr. Chamberlain, who takes no exercise of any kind, presents a remarkable combination of physical and mental vigour.

M. Menier, of chocolate fame, who is said to have bought the island of Anticosti on the river St. Lawrence, is also the proprietor of more than one newspaper in Paris. Some of the best French writers cultivate journalism on a little chocolate. What M. Menier is going to do with Anticosti is no more clear than the process by which he has become possessor of a large island which ought to belong to Canada. So far, the Chauvinists of Paris have not threatened us with an expedition of French sportsmen to Anticosti formidable enough to make a military diversion by way of answer to the expedition up the Nile.

Baron Pollock has given another interesting illustration of judicial indifference to matters of everyday knowledge. In an election petition case there was a question about a political song, set to a popular tune, and Baron Pollock wanted to know what was the melody of "Her golden hair was hanging down her back." This placed counsel in an awkward position, for it was impossible to enlighten the Judge without actually whistling or warbling. From this difficulty Mr. Jelf extricated himself by the remarkable assertion that he had never heard the tune, but was told that it was played on every street-organ.

The concert given by the Bach Choir on Tuesday, March 24, had solely for its programme the St. John Passion music by Bach. A German singer, Mr. Cornelius Bakkes, had come over to England for the express purpose of taking the part of the Evangelist, as (it will be remembered) Mr. Kauffmann did some two or three years ago. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Bakkes, who is a very sincere and conscientious vocalist, did not persuade us that his very long and doubtless tedious journey was a sufficient *quid pro quo* for that which he gave to us. Miss Fillunger and Miss Hilda Wilson were both excellent; and Mr. David Bispham and Mr. Andrew Black interpreted their parts in an extremely distinguished manner, Mr. Black occasionally singing with an impressive majesty and a particular vocal beauty. Professor Stanford conducted. His choir was humbly obedient to his ruling, and the orchestra was excellent.

Now that "winter's rains and ruins are over," the



THE NEW TECHNICAL INSTITUTE AT SALFORD, OPENED BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK ON MARCH 25.

garden becomes once more a centre of interest in many an English home. All who have a taste for horticulture will be interested by the copiously illustrated catalogues of flower and vegetable seeds issued for the current year by the well-known firm of Messrs. Richard Smith and Co., of Worcester, whose enterprise has won many a success in every department of flower-garden and kitchen-garden alike. The most recent catalogues issued by the firm contain plentiful instructions for the culture of all kinds of garden produce, and the remarks on vegetables in relation to the table will be especially useful to housekeepers. The many illustrations of all kinds of flowers are admirably executed. The catalogue of farm seeds also issued from the St. John's Nurseries is equally comprehensive in its agricultural interest.

PARLIAMENT.

Ministers have received a strong mandate from the House of Commons for their Egyptian policy, in spite of the defection of Mr. Courtney and the uneasiness of some other Liberal Unionists. Mr. John Morley made a speech against the Nile Expedition. He could not see that it was warranted by any special danger to the Egyptian frontier. The plea of making a diversion in favour of Italy he discounted by the suggestion that the Italians at Kassala could not be relieved by an Egyptian force at Dongola, hundreds of miles away. He doubted whether eight thousand Egyptian troops could effect at the worst season of the year what Lord Wolseley needed seventeen thousand British troops to do a dozen years ago. Even if Kassala fell into the hands of the Dervishes, that could not be a serious menace to Egypt, for Kassala was in their possession for several years, and nobody minded. Did the Government design to reconquer the Soudan? Mr. Chamberlain replied that the ferment in the Soudan, caused by the Italian reverses, made the Nile Expedition imperative. An advance to Dongola might or might not be required. The expedition would push on if it met with slight resistance; but if the Dervishes should happen to be in great force, there would be a prudent pause. Anyway, no part of the Soudan which might be retaken would be given up, and a railway would be constructed to the point already occupied by the Egyptian forces. The Opposition contended that this statement showed a dangerous hesitation in the policy of the Government. Mr. Balfour replied, in effect, that a forward policy in the Soudan was essential to the interests of Egypt, but that it must be carried out by degrees. A very large majority supported this view. The first of the legislative measures of the Ministry proved to be a Bill for the permanent exclusion of live cattle from countries where the Agricultural Department believed cattle disease to prevail. Hitherto, this exclusion has been administrative; now it is to be statutory, and cannot be removed without an Act of Parliament. The Opposition contended that the Bill was Protection for the British cattle-breeder. Some of the supporters of the Government interested in the agricultural interest which is dependent on the feeding of imported cattle took the same view. Others agreed with Mr. Walter Long that the protection complained of was simply a necessary precaution against cattle disease. In the end the Government had a majority of 149 for the second reading, partly owing to the defection of many Irish members from the Liberal side. In the House of Lords the Lord Chancellor introduced a curious Bill for preventing the publication of indecent matter in law reports. The Judges are to decide what should be published and what should not—a responsibility which the Lord Chief Justice, speaking for his colleagues on the Bench, vigorously repudiated. He argued that no Judge could determine off-hand what evidence was unfit for publication in time to prevent the reporters from making use of it. The Bill, in his judgment, was wrong in principle and unworkable in practice. It was read a second time on the understanding that changes would be made in Committee.

NEW TECHNICAL INSTITUTE AT SALFORD.

The Duke and Duchess of York have lately been indefatigable in the particular form of royal well-doing which consists in laying foundation-stones and presiding at the opening ceremonies of public institutions; and the keen interest and pleasure which they take in the discharge of such duties have won them golden opinions on all sides. On March 24 their Royal Highnesses opened the new Infirmary at Lancaster, and on the following day performed the same ceremony for the new Technical

Institute at Salford. This institute is the outcome of a municipal resolution passed soon after the Technical Instruction Act of 1889, and its object is to provide technical instruction for the artisan class of the borough. The handsome new building, of which Mr. Henry Lord is the architect, is in Renaissance style, and contains a large public hall, besides a number of class-rooms and lecture-rooms capable of accommodating some two thousand students at the same time. Separate laboratories are devoted to such branches of study as chemistry, photography, cookery, and wood-carving. A spacious dining-room and a library are also included in the well-planned building, and there is a separate room for the use of women students. Headquarters so commodious should do much for the promotion of technical studies in the district.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at the Hôtel Cimiez, Nice, accompanied by Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and by Princess Henry of Battenberg (who is at the adjacent Villa Liserb with her children), Princess Louis of Battenberg and Prince Francis Joseph, has been enjoying drives amid the delightful scenery of that neighbourhood. Prince Victor of Schleswig-Holstein is expected to join the royal party. On March 18 Lord Cross arrived as Minister in attendance. The Prince of Wales visited the Queen on that day, and next day Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne. Her Majesty has received Princess Augusta of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and other visitors. The Prince of Wales is at Cannes, with his yacht, the *Britannia*, and the Duke of Cambridge also is there.

The Princess of Wales, at Sandringham, with her daughters and her guest, Prince Charles of Denmark, was visited from Saturday to Monday by the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg.

The Duke and Duchess of York on Wednesday, March 18, visited Leyton, in Essex, and performed the ceremony of opening the new Municipal and Technical Institute erected in that town. The Duke of York on Saturday presided at the annual meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution. Their Royal Highnesses on Monday went to visit the Earl and Countess of Derby at Knowsley. On Tuesday they opened the new Royal Infirmary at Lancaster, and on Wednesday the Technical Institute and School at Salford.

The Marquis of Salisbury on March 19, at the Constitutional Club, presented the testimonial subscribed by the Conservative party to Captain Middleton, their chief agent in the last General Election. Speeches have been delivered by the Marquis of Ripon and Lord Herschell in London, by Mr. Asquith at Swansea, and by Lord Charles Beresford at Birmingham on the topics of the day.

The National Liberal Federation opened its conference at Huddersfield on Wednesday, to discuss several questions of party policy.

A deputation to the President of the Board of Trade on March 19 obtained his promise to use his influence with the Thames Conservancy Board in favour of measures to prevent the floods along the upper course of the river. Letters from the Queen and from Prince Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, testifying that much inconvenience and damage at Windsor had been caused by these floods, were produced by the deputation.

The rejection by Government and the House of Commons on Tuesday of the Bills promoted by the London County Council for the purchase of the London Water Companies' works, referring the whole subject to a Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry, along with Bills of those companies, with a view to the Government scheme, which is to be introduced in the House of Lords, is an important event in metropolitan municipal politics. The advocates of the course pursued by the London County Council, including Sir William Harcourt and other leaders of the Opposition Liberal party, were defeated by a majority of 162.

At Bow Street Police Court on Tuesday the chief magistrate, Sir John Bridge, resumed his examination of the case against Dr. L. S. Jameson, Major Sir John Willoughby, and the other late officers of the Chartered British South Africa Company's Matabililand and Mashonaland Armed Police, and of the British Bechuanaland Protectorate Police, charged with unlawfully making war against the South African Republic of the Transvaal. Several witnesses were called to prove that Dr. Jameson had received and disobeyed the messages of Sir Hercules Robinson, the High Commissioner for South Africa, ordering him to desist from his hostile invasion of the Transvaal. The case was adjourned.

Foreign politics are externally quiescent, but the journalists of Paris, Berlin, Cologne, Vienna, Rome, and St. Petersburg, with their reputed diplomatic informants, continue to hint at secret motions towards some change in the relations of Italy, apart from the Triple Alliance, to England, on account of the affairs of the Soudan; while the question of applying surplus funds of the Egyptian Treasury to the cost of the advance on Dongola, which requires the consent of the other Powers, is eagerly discussed. It is understood that Germany, Austria, and Italy, at the request of Great Britain, have intimated their consent; but France and Russia have not done so, and some politicians hold that such a measure cannot be taken without the unanimous approval of the six Powers. The sum asked for is half a million sterling, out of two millions and a half now kept in reserve by the Commissioners of the Caisse or Sinking Fund at Cairo, otherwise available for reducing the public debt of Egypt. If this money cannot be used for the present purpose, the expenses of sending up the troops to Wady Halfa, and thence to Akasheh, and of maintaining them at Akasheh during the hot season, will be charged to the Khedive's ordinary military expenditure, thereby lessening the chance of a surplus revenue for the next year.

The French Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Berthelot, appears to have rather hastily committed his Government to an expression of disapproval upon this question, which had not been fully considered by M. Bourgeois and his colleagues in the Ministry, or which had not, at least, been formally propounded to them by the British Ambassador or by our Foreign Office. But there are no symptoms of active irritation, and France seems rather disposed to wait for Russia to give her the cue to an opposition policy, while confessedly regretting that the opportunity of soon calling upon England to terminate her protectorate of Egypt is likely to be again deferred by the prospect of a renewed war in the Soudan.

The German Emperor William II., with the Empress and their two eldest sons, left Berlin on Monday for a visit to Italy and Austria, going first to Genoa, where they embarked on board the imperial yacht *Hohenzollern* for Naples; they will make a voyage round the coasts of the Italian peninsula and Sicily, thence up the Adriatic, to meet King Humbert at Venice, after which their Majesties will proceed to Vienna, or will be met by the Emperor Francis Joseph at some other place in his dominions. The Emperor William has received, by General von Werder, special aide-de-camp to the Russian Emperor Nicholas II., an autograph letter expressing the most

Christian pity, not lessened, as he says, by "the deplorable and ignominious failure of Europe in its duties to Armenia and the East."

The American United States Congress has been further occupying itself with debates on Cuba, to the serious displeasure of Spain, but there is no sign that President Cleveland is disposed to act upon any resolution that may be jointly passed by the Senate and the House of Representatives calling for intervention. The House of Representatives has passed a vote of censure upon Mr. Bayard, the esteemed Ambassador of the United States in England, for having, in a lecture or address to the audiences at two literary institutions, criticised one or two points of taste or temper in his own countrymen. Mr. Bayard spoke again on Tuesday evening, at the dinner of the City of London Pension Fund, expressing the most friendly feeling towards England, and declaring that he would not change his tone.

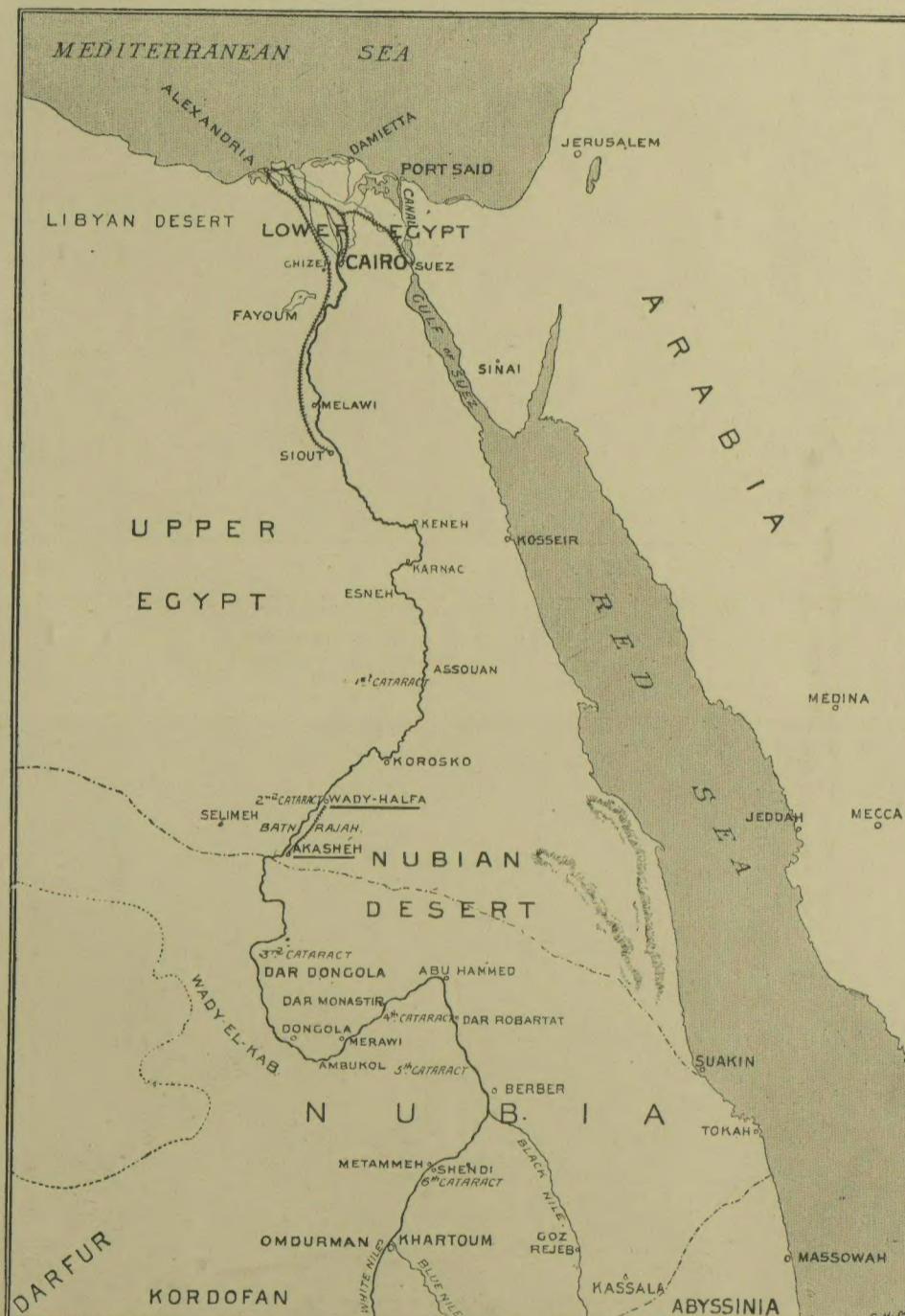
In South Africa the preliminary judicial inquiry at Pretoria concerning the five Johannesburg "Reform Union" leaders charged with a treasonable conspiracy against the Transvaal South African Republic, has resulted in their case being ordered for trial. They had been allowed bail, and permission was given to them to go to

the Rand, to attend their business at the gold-fields; but this permission, granted by President Kruger, has for some reason been revoked. He has just paid a friendly visit to the neighbouring sister Dutch Republic, the Orange Free State, upon the election of a new President in that State. Mr. Kruger says that he wishes to come to England, but it is believed that the Volksraad will require a precise specification of the questions to be negotiated upon with the British Government before it gives him authority to come here. Mr. Cecil Rhodes has arrived in Mashonaland.

In West Australia, on Monday, March 23, the railway from Perth to Coolgardie, the centre of the gold-fields region, of which our Special Artist, Mr. Julius Price, has supplied ample illustrations and descriptions, was opened by the Governor of that colony with great public festivities. The Prime Minister, Sir John Forrest, promised that the railway should be extended to Menzies', Hannan's, and other mining districts, with reduced rates of freight, telegraphs, roads, and a sufficient water-supply.

The financial Budget for India, presented last week to the Legislative Council at Calcutta, shows a surplus of 951,000 rupees for the past year, after paying the costs of the Chitral Expedition and restoring the Famine Insurance Fund, which had been suspended.

MAP OF THE NILE REGION.



MAP OF THE NILE REGION, TO ILLUSTRATE THE ADVANCE ON DONGOLA.

friendly sentiments, and some observers of Continental diplomacy predict a nearer approach to a mutual good understanding between the great monarchies.

The European Powers, however intent upon adjusting their own relative positions, have certainly not yet contrived to provide any remedy for the wretched condition of the Turkish Empire. Deplorable accounts of the continued sufferings of the Armenian population, sent in by the relief committees, and horrible descriptions of the scenes of slaughter that took place a few months ago at Erzeroum and in many other towns and villages, fill columns of the daily newspapers. The butchery massacres perpetrated by Turkish soldiers in that city, as related by the *Daily Chronicle* on Tuesday, almost equal those which are recorded of Spanish soldiers in the Netherlands about three centuries ago, Christendom and Mohammedanism bearing equal reproach for such inhuman acts. King Philip II. and the Duke of Alva furnish the nearest historical parallel to Sultan Abdul Hamed's treatment of his subjects. Altogether, it may safely be estimated that in Asiatic Turkey within the past twelvemonth 70,000 men, women, and children have been wantonly killed, with additional cruelties and foul outrages horrible to imagine; property to the value of several millions sterling has been destroyed; and 200,000 people are now left starving; this last figure being stated by the British Consul in an official report. The committee presided over by the Duke of Argyll and the Duke of Westminster has sent £31,000 to relieve the existing distress, but it needs £100,000 more, and Mr. Gladstone has written a letter on behalf of this claim to

region called the Soudan is all that lies to the south of Nubia—as far as you please, to the Equatorial Lakes, and to the west, beyond Kordofan and Darfur, over the Bahrein-Gazal, and eastward to the Red Sea coast; but now, with reference to the existing interests and opportunities of Egypt, the political view of it cannot well extend beyond Khartoum and the fifteenth degree of north latitude. The enemy with whom both the British Protectorate of Egypt, on the Nile frontier, and the Italian colony of Erythrea, at Massowah, have to contend is the desolating tyranny of the Mahdist Khalifa, resident at Omdurman, close to Khartoum, with the marauding Dervish raids of his subordinate Emir, Osman Digna, all over the eastern territory, from the Nile at Berber to the seaports of Souakin and Massowah. It was this Osman Digna—no contemptible foe as a barbaric warrior—against whom the British troops at Souakin, under Generals Stephenson, Valentine Baker, and Sir Gerald Graham, fought several fierce conflicts at El Teb and other places, and around the forts of Sinkat and Tokar. He is reported to be now moving against the Italian garrison of Kassala, which is an important town, situated in the middle of the Eastern Soudan, between the Nile, with Khartoum and Berber, and the Red Sea coast, with Massowah and Souakin, distant from each of those places rather less than three hundred miles. It must be quite evident that the defeat and expulsion of Osman Digna will be needful to the security of the Nubian frontier; and then, a combined final advance from Berber and Kassala will ensure the conquest of Khartoum.

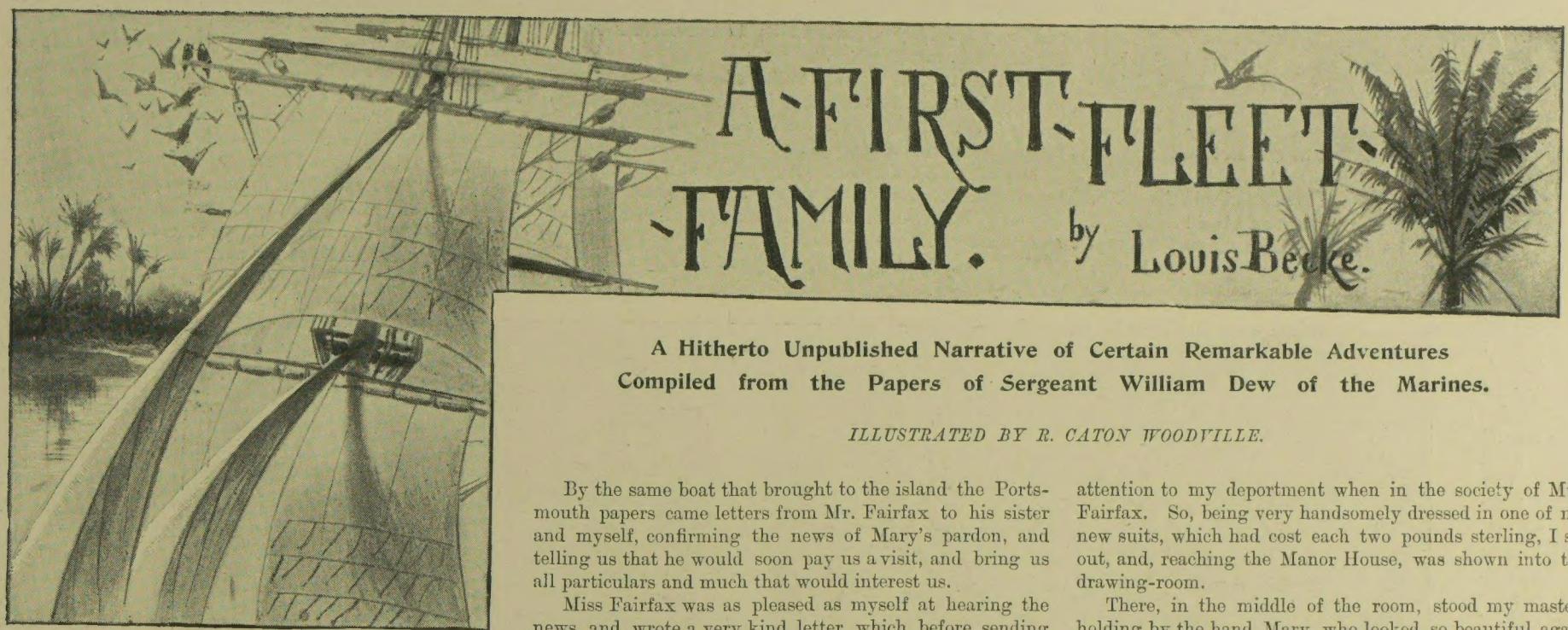


THE DYNAMITE EXPLOSION AT JOHANNESBURG: HOMELESS AND WOUNDED SHELTERED AT THE AGRICULTURAL SHOW-YARD.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



BANQUET TO MR. JUSTIN McCARTHY, M.P., ON HIS RETIREMENT FROM THE LEADERSHIP OF THE ANTI-PARNELLITE PARTY.



CHAPTER XXXVII.

I HEAR GOOD NEWS AT LAST.

Time passed on, and more months went by before we—I mean dear Miss Fairfax and myself—heard anything of her brother, my Lieutenant, as I still always thought of him, although we had occasional letters from him in which we heard that he was a regular visitor to Newgate Prison, and that he had procured many indulgences for Mary, who was now quite restored to health, and sent her loving duty to her former mistress and her kind remembrances to myself.

We had news, too, from Port Jackson. Lieutenant King had again taken charge of Norfolk Island, and that settlement was flourishing under his wise rule. This gentleman was on his way out from England as we were returning home in the *Gorgon*, and, by his personal efforts with the Government during his short stay in England, had done a great deal for the new country. Major Ross, my old commandant, became recruiting officer at the dépôt, where, I have no doubt, he turned out some good soldiers to serve their King and country; for although I cannot say I ever liked so stern and hard a gentleman, yet he was an excellent officer—but yet I was very glad to get away from him.

Governor Phillip, so my Lieutenant wrote, left the settlement in the *Atlantic* on the eleventh of December, 1792, and arrived in England in the summer of 1793; and in July of that year he resigned his post, and Sydney—for so the settlement is now called—lost the best and bravest gentleman that ever stepped foot into it. After he left, two officers of the New South Wales Regiment—which to my mind was a very indifferent body of men when compared to my old corps—in turn became Governors. These were Colonel Gore and Captain Patterson; and then, early in 1794, Captain Hunter, with whom I had sailed so often, was appointed Governor. But all this is history, which you can read for yourselves.

As I have said, things went on very much as usual with us at Solcombe, until, on the twenty-eighth of May, 1793, I read in the Portsmouth paper this very startling piece of news—

His Majesty has been graciously pleased to grant a free pardon to Mary Bryant, who, accompanied by several male convicts, escaped from Botany Bay and traversed upwards of three thousand miles by sea in an open boat exposed to tempestuous weather.

This was joyful news, but in another part of the paper I read something which I could have robbed of the mystery which the printer seemed to think surrounded it. This is what he wrote—

The female convict who made her escape from Botany Bay and suffered the greatest hardships during a voyage of three thousand leagues, and who was afterwards retaken and condemned to death, has been pardoned and released from Newgate. In the story of this woman there is something extremely singular. A gentleman of high rank in the army visited her in Newgate, heard the details of her life, and for that time departed. The next day he returned, and told the old gentleman who keeps the prison that he had procured her pardon, which he showed him, at the same time requesting that she should not be apprised of the circumstance. The next day he returned with his carriage, and took off the poor woman, who almost expired with the excess of gratitude.

You may well imagine that I was pleased enough to read this, although all that was printed was not strictly true; but I knew very well that Mary was pardoned, and that my master had succeeded, and so I cared nothing for the rest.

[We understand from Mr. Louis Becke, who writes to us from Sydney, New South Wales, that the above story was written by him in collaboration with Mr. Walter Jeffery, and that it will be published under their joint names in volume form.]

A Hitherto Unpublished Narrative of Certain Remarkable Adventures
Compiled from the Papers of Sergeant William Dew of the Marines.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

By the same boat that brought to the island the Portsmouth papers came letters from Mr. Fairfax to his sister and myself, confirming the news of Mary's pardon, and telling us that he would soon pay us a visit, and bring us all particulars and much that would interest us.

Miss Fairfax was as pleased as myself at hearing the news, and wrote a very kind letter, which before sending she read to me, offering to take Mary back to her service, and telling her brother that now the goodness of his heart had succeeded in procuring Mary's pardon, 'twas time for him to return to the island and settle on his estate, "for," she said, "although Mr. Dew hath been, and is still, of very great service to me, and is most anxious to help me all in his power, yet 'tis cruel that I should be so hard upon his time and good-nature. So do you hasten back, my dear brother."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MR. FAIRFAX SURPRISES ME VERY MUCH, AND I BEGIN TO ASSOCIATE WITH PEOPLE OF QUALITY.

Two months had gone by, and we had heard nothing more of the Lieutenant, save from a short note which he had written to Miss Fairfax, telling her not to expect him for some weeks. Three weeks had passed since this letter came, and both Miss Fairfax and I wondered at hearing nothing further, when one day I received a message to say that Mr. Fairfax wanted me at the Manor House. Before setting out, I spent some little time over my attire, as, since I had begun to see Miss Fairfax so often, I deemed it proper that I should dress in a more befitting manner than that which I had been accustomed to. Indeed, on Mr. Fairfax's advice, I had had two suits made in Southampton by his own tailor, and Miss Fairfax had told me that they became me very well. I was never a vain man, but, of course, I could not help knowing that, as far as looks and build went, there were few men in the island to whom Providence had been kinder; and, indeed, as I was now in a comfortable position, I began to try and improve myself in other ways by reading and paying strict

attention to my deportment when in the society of Miss Fairfax. So, being very handsomely dressed in one of my new suits, which had cost each two pounds sterling, I set out, and, reaching the Manor House, was shown into the drawing-room.

There, in the middle of the room, stood my master, holding by the hand Mary, who looked so beautiful again that I at first scarce knew her. As I entered the room he stepped forward, and still holding Mary by the hand, said—

"Here you are, friend Dew, come and be introduced to my wife, your old acquaintance, Mary."

I was so astonished by this wonderful event being sprung upon me in this sudden manner that I stood stock



Leaving me standing all confusion in the middle of the room.

still like a fool, and said nothing. Then my old master, after waiting a moment, clapped me on my back and said, "Come, Will Dew, won't you congratulate me?"

I really must have lost my senses, for I stood to attention just as in the old days, and saluted, and just muttered, as if I were giving the countersign on sentry duty, "Yes, Sir, I congratulate you."

Mr. Fairfax laughed outright at me, and said, "Hang me if I don't believe you're jealous!"

Then Mary held out her hand to me, and said she, "No, no, Mr. Dew is very much surprised that his old friend and dear master could so have forgotten his rank to take compassion upon poor me, and let his pity grow to a love so great that he could make me his wife; and, indeed, well may he be astounded at the news."

I had taken her hand and was still silent, looking now in her face and seeing therein a look of quiet happiness such as I had never seen before; and now I realised that all that she had suffered had not altered her, and she was still a beautiful woman, a woman, indeed, that any man might well be proud to call his own.

Presently I recovered my wits and began to see that after all, though my rich and well-born master had committed what many persons might call a great piece of folly, and what I knew showed extraordinary freedom of prejudice on his part, yet Mary was, as I had known in the old days, far above the common rustic, and she looked and talked like a lady born.

By and by we grew more composed, and fell a-talking, and I noticed Miss Fairfax was not in the room and did not come in, though we were a long time together; and so I asked Mr. Fairfax if his sister had seen Mary.

He took me on one side and said, "Yes, and there's the devil to pay. My sister has sworn never to forgive either of us, and has shut herself up in her room, where she swears she will remain until she can get another room."

At this I expressed my sorrow that this marriage was to be the means of Miss Fairfax leaving the Manor.

"Oh, that will be all right," said Mr. Fairfax. "Mary and I are going away to London this afternoon, where we shall live for years, and my sister will remain here. You see, Dew, I am proud of my wife, but I know and she knows well enough that all the people about here will not take kindly to our marriage at first. You know they have not seen the world as we have, and so, like my sister, they

will have foolish prejudices, and so we are going to live in London for a time. Meanwhile, do you look after my sister and help her all you can, and try to overcome her silly objections to my marriage."

And then I said farewell to them both, and they went away and remained in London for some years, until the Lieutenant was father of three children, whose honoured names you know well enough.

All this time I remained a lonely man at my farm, with no companions save the old woman who kept house for me, and occasional visits from my sister and her family. Now and then I would spend an evening in the best parlour of the inn at Solcombe, with the persons of quality who

Although, as I have said, Mr. Fairfax was away in London for a great length of time, he did pay us a few flying visits at Solcombe; but did not bring his wife with him, although Miss Fairfax had become reconciled to the marriage, and all difference between them was at an end. Indeed, although she was of a somewhat quick temper, she was very fond of her brother, and he of her, and latterly had often said to me that her brother did right, after all, in marrying the woman he loved. It was all the more to her credit that she had quite forgiven her brother's marriage, for although she declares that it is not true, and that she had no desire to marry, yet both her brother and myself sometimes thought that she was over-sensitive about it, and for that reason refused many handsome offers she received from the gentlemen who from time to time she became acquainted with.

On one of these visits to Solcombe, Mr. Fairfax astounded me even more than he had done when he introduced me to his wife. He had come over to my farm to spend the evening, and we were chatting over old times and having a glass of grog together when suddenly he opened upon me in this way: "Look here, Dew, I have always known you to be pretty much of a fool, and I'll be hanged if I don't think as you grow older you grow worse. Here you are leading this miserable, lonely life, and the woman who is willing to marry you is doing the same, and so you go on month after month. Meanwhile, the years are passing by, and by the time you wake up to the fact (unless she proposes; I don't believe you ever will) the pair of you

will be too old to make it worth while your mating."

"Why, what on earth are you driving at, Sir?" I asked. Even up to this time I could not help addressing the Lieutenant as "Sir."

"If you were anything but a fool you would know that she can't ask you to marry her, yet she has given you every signal that a woman in love can make. She asks your advice on every subject, whether you know anything of it or not, and I know—for you have told me in your letters—that she is always descanting to you on the mistake she made in once supposing that it was wrong for two persons to marry if they did not both happen to be born in the one station."

"Great heavens, Sir, you don't suppose that I could ever so far forget myself as to—to think of marrying with your sister!"

"Whenever are you going to forget that infernal



Taking a very handsome seal and chain from his fob, he desired her to present it to me.

frequented it, for I was now a man of substance, all things prospering with me.

I still continued to be invited by Miss Fairfax to the Manor House, and she very frequently challenged me to a game of backgammon, and occasionally, accompanied by her old lady companion, she would ask me to escort them for a walk along the cliffs. These days were very bright spots in my life, and consoled me greatly for the quiet existence I led at the farm.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MISS FAIRFAX OUTDOES HER BROTHER IN SURPRISING ME, AND A VERY GREAT AND HAPPY EVENT BRINGS MY STORY TO AN END.

And now, as I draw near to the close of this journal, I find it hard to tell you in words that are fitting the last great event of my life,

humility that, since two or three years of service in the Marines, has so persistently stuck to you?"

"But, Sir, our positions, apart from that, are widely different, and your sister, if she knew we were thus discussing her, would forbid me to speak to her again."

"In the first place, our positions are not different. You are one of the most prosperous tenant farmers about here; and your father and his father came of good yeoman stock. I have an estate from which I derive a very moderate income, and my sister is dependent on what I allow her."

"But, Sir—"

"Wait a moment. In the second place, I have told her that you are very much in love with her, as I saw long ago, and she has confessed to me that if you would only get over your confounded modesty you would not be indifferent to her. Now, Sir, what have you to say to that?"

"But, Sir, though I confess I have for a long time secretly admired Miss Charlotte, I have been most careful to conceal my sentiments, knowing too well my duty, and besides, notwithstanding all you say, I can never—pardon me for saying it—believe Miss Fairfax thinks of me."

"That will do, Dew; put on your hat and coat this instant."

And then, before I realised what was to happen, he had marched me up to the Manor House, walked me straight into the drawing-room, where Miss Fairfax was sitting up for him, and then in the coolest manner in the world he said to her—

"Charlotte, I have brought Will Dew up to see you. He has an important question to put to you, having first asked my permission, which I gave him with all my heart, and now I give the pair of you my blessing."

With that he shewed me into the room, saying in a whisper, "Go in and win, you confounded stupid!" and then went out and shut the door behind him, leaving me standing all confusion in the middle of the room. But when I saw the dear lady's sweet face so covered with blushes, my courage came and—well, my children, I soon found my tongue too.

I have little else to tell you. We were married in old Solcombe Church soon afterwards, and you children were born to us. What our lives have since been, you well know; but this story of the early life of your father and his dearest friends you had only heard in scraps and patches from myself and your mother and your Uncle Fairfax. Now you know it all. Profit by the knowledge, and if you would learn the moral of my story, go back to the first page of my diary, and there read why I have set these things down in writing.

POSTSCRIPT.

Let me reopen this journal and set down a few lines telling of the last years of those men whose brave hearts and wise heads so well and truly laid the foundation of the new world across the seas.

Our good and gallant Governor, Captain Phillip, before he died became an Admiral, and up to the day of his death, in the year 1814, was dearly loved by all of those about him. In 1808 his old friend and comrade King, well worthy to be associated with such a man as Phillip, met the Admiral at Bath, and from that place, only a week before his death, King wrote this letter to his son—

As this letter may reach you before you sail I write to say that I came here merely to see Admiral Phillip, whom I found much better than I could expect from the reports I had read, although he is quite a cripple, having lost the entire use of his right side; but his intellects are very good, and his spirits are what they always were.

Your Uncle Fairfax, too, with your mother, had the honour of again meeting his old commander during a brief visit that the Admiral made to Portsmouth, where he had gone at the desire of the Lords of the Admiralty to look at a new King's ship. At this time your Uncle Fairfax and your Aunt Mary were also staying at Portsmouth, and your mother at their desire went over to stay with them a week or two. It so happened that your Uncle Fairfax, hearing that the Admiral was staying at the house of a gentleman whom he knew, went to see him and took your mother with him, though she remained outside in the carriage. Admiral Phillip was greatly pleased to see his former comrade, and showed that he took the warmest concern in all those who had served under him. Then, too, he even asked Mr. Fairfax what had become of me, and when your uncle told him that I was well and prosperous the old gentleman was pleased to say that I was a very careful man and would have made a good officer; and so, when your uncle told him that I had married Miss Fairfax, his sister, and that Mrs. Dew was then outside in the carriage, the gallant old officer, putting on his laced hat and leaning on your uncle's arm, came out to her and paid her many pretty compliments, saying, among other things, that Lieutenant King thought very highly of my conduct when the *Sirius* was wrecked at Norfolk Island. Before he bade them farewell he, taking a very handsome seal and chain from his fob, desired her to present it to me "as a memento"—these were his very words—"of the service we had seen together." I need not tell you how dearly I prize this gift, which you see I now wear.

Of gallant, kind-hearted Hunter I have little to tell, except that, soon after his return to England in 1801, he

was appointed to the *Venerable*, seventy-four, and when cruising off Torbay, got his ship ashore and wrecked in trying to save the life of a man who had fallen overboard. He was tried by court martial and acquitted, and in the course of the trial was asked why he had put his ship about in such a dangerous place. He replied, "I consider the life of a British seaman of more value than any ship in his Majesty's Navy." Although by such an answer he showed himself more kindly-hearted than worldly-wise, he was afterwards promoted to be Rear-Admiral.

And by such men as these were the settlers in the early days of New South Wales governed, and when you hear, as is often the case in these times, people saying that the prisoners were cruelly treated, just take this journal of mine and read this postscript to them, that all may know what manner of men they were who founded New South Wales.

THE END.

NEW STORY BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

In our Next Issue we shall publish the Opening Chapters of a New Story by MR. FRANK R. STOCKTON, entitled MRS. CLIFF'S YACHT, with Illustrations by MR. A. FORESTIER.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The first person on whom knighthood was conferred by Queen Victoria was a Dissenter, Sir John Bickerton Williams, the biographer of Matthew Henry and Sir Matthew Hale. Williams was an attorney at Shrewsbury and Mayor of the town in 1836. In that capacity he came in contact with the Duke of Sussex, who was fond of books, and became very friendly with him. The Duke obtained from his brother, the King, the promise of knighthood for Mr. Williams on the ground of the literary and historical value of his writings. As the King died before the distinction was conferred, the young Queen had to create him her first Knight. "Upon my word I don't know how to do it!" was her exclamation when entering upon this novel duty. But Lord Hill guided the sword, Mr. Williams told her his name, and by their united efforts there arose Sir John Bickerton Williams.

Professor Lock has been appointed a member of the Hebdomadal Council at Oxford in succession to Mr. Thomas Raleigh. Professor Lock, who is well known as an able theological writer, and whose journalistic activity is considerable, had a majority of three votes over Professor Dicey.

It is hoped that Canon Gore will be able to undertake the three hours' service at Westminster Abbey on Good Friday.

Sir Walter Besant has been urging the need of the clergy speaking to the young on self-respect and self-restraint, and the terrible things which happen through boy and girl marriages. The novelist reminds his readers that St. Francis of Assisi found it better to live among the people than in a monastery, and that they must not only give money but render personal service to the distressed if their sympathy is to be worthy of the name.

It is stated that "Church Hymns," the collection published by the S.P.C.K., is to be revised. The work of revision is in the hands of a committee of learned and practical persons, but it is complained that they do not number a single expert hymnologist among them. It is curious to find the *Church Times* complaining of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" for including many specimens of the "raspberry-jam-and-water hymn," devout indeed, and sometimes invested with a sort of prettiness, but feeble, sentimental, and silly. Hymns of this phthisical order are largely responsible for keeping men away from church. Moreover, their inclusion in any representative collection is quite unnecessary, for English hymnology offers a wealth of verse, admirably suited for public use, in which a fine devotional feeling is worthily expressed.

The magnificent tower of Wrexham Church, described as one of the seven wonders of Wales, is in a doubtful condition. It was begun in the year 1506, and is 136 ft. in height. It is said to be the finest Gothic erection in Wales, if not in Great Britain.

The Church Institute at Leeds is to be enlarged and generally improved, and a fund of £1500 is to be raised for the purpose.

There is great satisfaction in Nonconformist circles over the extraordinary success of the Free Church Congress at Nottingham. It is thought that no such series of Nonconformist meetings has been held within living memory. The crowds never abated; no place available in Nottingham was large enough to contain them, and the enthusiasm was extraordinary. Great desire was shown to hear Ian Maclaren, but the popular novelist somewhat disappointed the audience.

The new Rector of Whitechapel, the Rev. John Draper, is no novice in East-End work. He served as curate of Whitechapel under one of its most capable Rectors, the Rev. A. J. Robinson, for two years, and when the living became vacant a month or two since by the preferment of the Rev. E. A. B. Sanders, his name was at once mentioned for the succession. But the patron is the Bishop of London, who takes an independent view of his position, and some doubt was naturally felt as to the result of the pressure that was brought to bear upon him. Mr. Draper is appointed, and that in the circumstances is a testimonial to his fitness for the post, for the Bishop is a particularly careful patron in making his selections. Moreover, Mr. Draper's present charge—he is Vicar of St. Paul's, Bethnal Green—rendered his translation easy and natural. He is an Oxford man, and had experience in Yorkshire before coming to London. At Whitechapel he follows a long line of distinguished clergy, but his energy and devotion will stand him in good stead.

OVER THE MOOR.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

The moor is at its blackest in early spring weather. When everything else shows sparkles of dainty green, the heather seems to grow only gloomier and more melancholy. For that reason we love best to go down into the combes by the tiny brooks in these springtide days; there willows are stirring and beeches budding, and wood-anemones opening their white stars to the sun, and celandines holding up golden cups to the bees, and mayflies dancing in the merry sunshine. But here on the moor all is brown and sullen; spring comes so late, with no Midas touch, as in the boggy hollows where marsh-marigolds bloom, but cold, blue, and east-windy, a dark king of terrors.

The reason for the difference is not far to seek. If you cast your eyes around you, you will see at once the moorland plants belong all to one type of sombre evergreens. Not one of them has broad and expanded deciduous foliage, such foliage as that of the beech, the lime, the oak, the maple, the horse-chestnut, whose delicate pale green as they open their broad blades makes the charm of early spring in the river valleys and the water-fed lowlands. In place of these big, thin blades the moorland plants have needle-shaped leaves, like pine and heather; or they affect mere spiky foliage with branches intermixed, like gorse; or they have dark-green, switch-like stems, as is the case with broom; or they form short, sharp dagger-blades, like the yew and the juniper. Scarcely a plant I see about me, when I cast my eye round, has a flat and open deciduous leaf. The one exception is the whortleberry—"hurts," as we call them hereabouts—and that brightens up in patches the sullen gloom of the heather with the delicate green of its spring-like foliage. But the whortleberry itself is only half an exception. It does not grow, like other denizens of the moor, on the actual wind-swept top of the hill: it clusters in little hollows, where the soil lies deeper, where odorous pools collect in wet weather, where the earth is always fairly moist and black, and where the minor under-growth of moss and fungus has comparatively a half-boggy character.

That gives one the clue to the other side of the problem. Large and expanded leaves belong mainly to the well-watered soils of the lowland. There one finds the native home of the alder, the hazel, the oak, the lime, the poplar, the sycamore. On dry hilly slopes, on the other hand, the general character of the foliage changes: in place of these large-leaved trees, one sees, as a rule, the birch, the Scotch fir, the larch, the mountain ash, the blackthorn, the juniper. As a class, they have looser and more straggling foliage; and only the most needle-like and coarsest among them can live on the highest and driest uplands. Why so? Because flat and expanded leaves would undergo too rapid evaporation under the warping wind and hot sun of those shelterless heights; they would blacken and die at once where Scotch fir and heather can live and flourish. Compare the thin flat blades of the horse-chestnut and the lime with the dry and seemingly half-lifeless needles of the pine or the Scotch heather, and you will see at once why the one type has been developed in well-watered plains and the other on open moors or arid sandy hillsides.

Water, in point of fact, is the great want of the moorland. Every plant that grows there sends its roots abroad into the thirsty soil, seeking hard for stray moisture, while it arranges its leaves so as to retain the precious liquid as long as possible, and to lose by evaporation only so much as is necessary for circulation of sap and due transpiration. In the desert this is managed by succulent plants like the cactuses, which have no true leaves, but produce in their place thick and fleshy stems, covered by a firm skin, so as to hold much stored-up water and defy evaporation. In our own climate a few plants of the very driest and hottest situations, such as the stonecrops in the clefts of barren, basking rock, or the fleshy weeds that cover arid sand-dunes, almost imitate in this respect the desert cactuses. But on open heaths and moors our ling and heather find it suits their purpose better to produce fine needle-like leaves, rolled back on the edges, and so arranged as to allow the very minimum of healthy evaporation. The only large-leaved plant that grows with us in such situations is holly: and holly has hard, green leaves, thoroughly protected against drought by their glassy outer coat and their leathery texture.

So with the other bushes and shrubs which meet my eye as I gaze around. The two kinds of furze have leaves and branches almost indistinguishable, and absolutely secured against the dry east wind by their spiny hardness. Broom, to be sure, puts forth scanty green blades in the spring rains, more as a matter of form and by ancestral use and wont than from need or adaptation; still, the greater part of its work is done, not by these scattered little leaves, but by the green and lissome branches, which function like foliage, and act as mouths and stomachs to the bush in the open sunlight. Moreover, broom, too, is confined to the rather deeper and richer spots of the moor; and it puts forth most leaves and broadest where the soil is thickest and dampest, contenting itself on the bare sandstone with mere perfunctory apologies. There remains the bracken; that, to be sure, is lush and green enough; but see how it protects its young curling fronds with copious brown scales against sun and wind, and how soon it grows dry and hard and stringy.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE: THE CREWS AT PRACTICE.

From Photographs by Russell & Son, Baker Street.



OXFORD ROWING PAST THE BOAT-HOUSES AT PUTNEY.



OXFORD PUTTING OFF FOR PUTNEY BRIDGE.

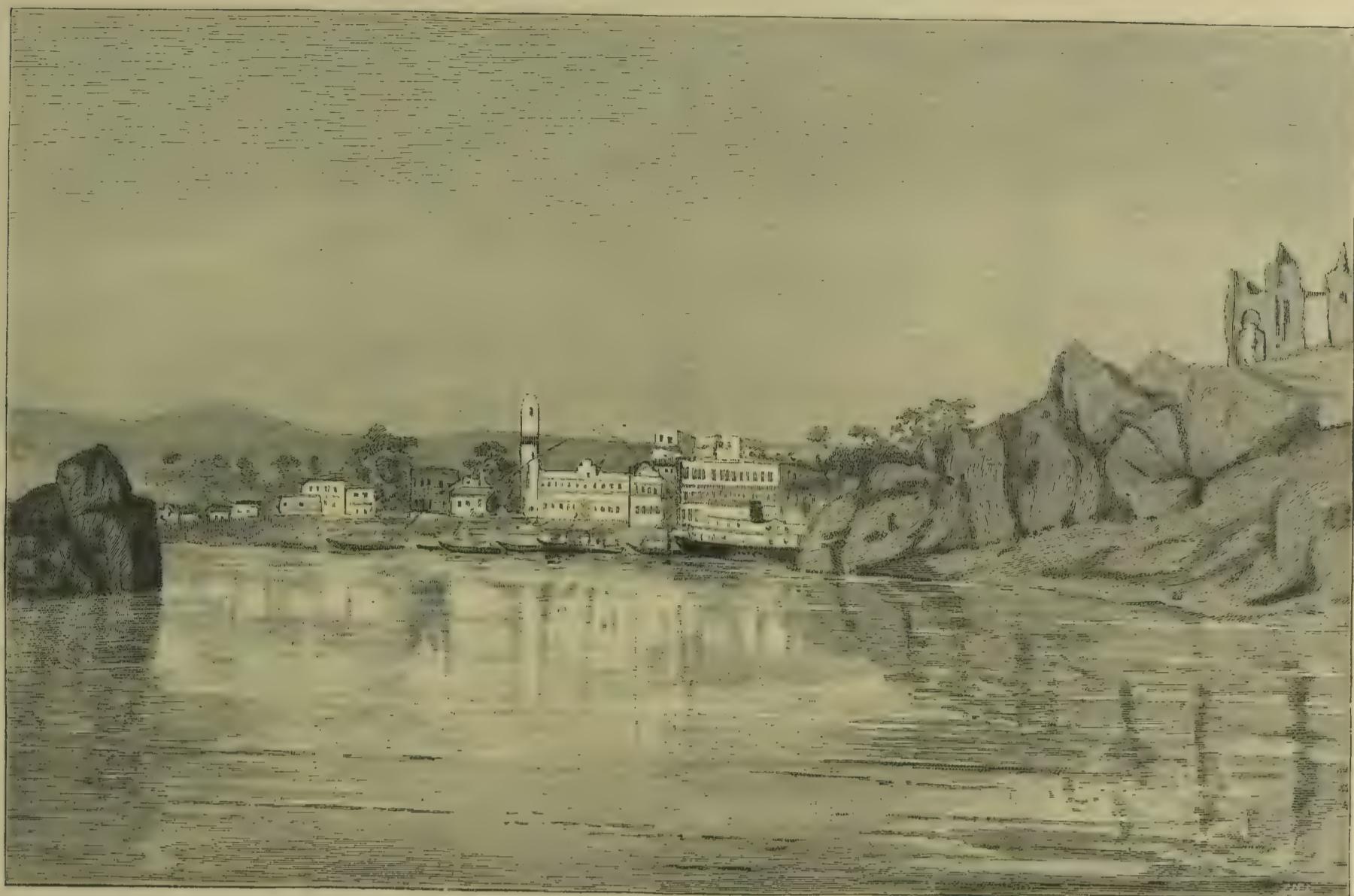


CAMBRIDGE PUTTING THEIR BOAT IN THE WATER.



CAMBRIDGE STARTING FROM OPPOSITE THE BOAT-HOUSES AT PUTNEY.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.



VIEW OF ASSOUAN AND THE NILE.

Drawn by Mr. A. G. Ferard.



VIEW OF WADY HALFA FROM THE LANDING-STAGE, SHOWING THE FORT AND THE QUARTERS OF THE BRITISH OFFICERS.

From a Photograph by Mr. A. G. Ferard,

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

From Photographs by Mr. Herdman, Plumstead.

The eyes of the world are once more turned towards the Soudan, and the movements of the Egyptian troops on their journey southwards will be eagerly watched in every quarter. At the outset the advance is not likely to be fraught with any great difficulties. It is true that the unrivalled waterway of Egypt is apt to play tricks. At this season of the year the volume of the stream is steadily decreasing, sandbanks appear where none existed, and the channel practicable to-day will be closed to-morrow. Since the last military expedition up the Nile, ingenuity and perseverance have wrought many changes, of which the present expedition will reap the benefit. The railway, to be extended, it is hoped, some day as far as Khartoum, is now available for the conveyance of troops to Girgeh. Here they will embark on steamers and barges for the river journey to Assouan, which will doubtless be reached without any more exciting adventure than an occasional bump and more or less prolonged halt on the top of a sandbank.

Assouan is perhaps the most attractive spot on the Nile. Although there is only a slender fringe of vegetation on the right bank, and none at all on the left, the island of Elephantine, in the centre of the stream, boasts of date-palms in abundance, and is an ideal spot for the admirably organised military hospital which occupies one end of it. Throughout the British occupation of Egypt, Assouan has had a native regiment with British officers, who hospitably entertain many of the visitors attracted to the place during the short winter season. For the remainder of the year



VIEW OF ASSOUAN FROM ELEPHANTINE ISLAND, LOOKING NORTH.



VIEW OF THE OLD BED OF THE NILE, LOOKING TOWARDS PHILÆ FROM THE QUARRIES.

life for them is, to say the least, a trifle dull. Not so for the inhabitants of the bazaar, one of the quaintest in the East, who always have plenty of occupation in devising unheard-of weapons, beaded tunics, and other curios destined to be palmed off on the insatiable tourist as the products of the remote Soudan. Within the last few years there has been, to some extent, a resumption of caravan trade with Khartoum under strict military supervision. Both on entering and on leaving Assouan these caravans are escorted by a company of soldiers, and their loads are carefully examined at the officers' quarters to make sure that they do not contain certain contraband articles or materials that could be utilised by the Khalifa for the manufacture of implements of war.

Just outside the town there are considerable remains on the rocks above the river of buildings erected for the accommodation of British troops at the time of the last Nile campaign. If anything of use was left in them, it has long since been carried off by the Arabs encamped in the desert hard by; but it is said that one of the whale-boats provided for that expedition is still to be seen on this part of the river. A far more valuable reminiscence of the summer spent here by the British force exists in the remarkable group of tombs of the Sixth and Twelfth Dynasties, excavated under the direction of General Sir Francis Grenfell, and now named after him.

At the present day there is no need of boats for the transport of stores up the First Cataract, a railway having been constructed for strategic purposes from Assouan to

Shellah, a small village above the cataract facing the island of Philæ. Between Philæ and Assouan the stream is very swift, flowing first down a series of rapids and then through numberless islands and granite crags, which make up a highly picturesque scene. Above the cataract the river, though broad and imposing in parts, is too full of shoals for navigation by paddle-steamers, and traffic is carried on by the less comfortable but more manageable stern-wheeler. These steamers draw but little water, and when the bow strikes a sandbank the large wheel at the stern which serves as propeller is usually free, so that the steamer can be got off with comparative ease. They are of diminutive size, but some of them are armed, and rejoice in the imposing title of gun-boats. Barges are fastened alongside when troops and stores have to be conveyed up to Wady Halfa, the garrison there being entirely dependent on provisions and stock imported from Lower Egypt. On these upper reaches the scenery is of the most barren and wild description; occasionally, as in the gate of Kalabsheh, rocks hem the stream in on both sides, and vegetation altogether ceases. It is a noticeable feature all along the Nilo that the sand on the two banks totally differs in colour. On the right it is always more or less of a dusty hue, whereas on the left bank it is of astonishing and increasing brightness, shining like gold at Assouan, and higher up of a dazzling brilliancy little short of vermillion. Many interesting temples arrest the attention of the traveller: Kalabsheh, destroyed by an earthquake; the picturesque Amada, and the far-famed and never too



THE FRONT AT ASSOUAN, WITH THE PRINCIPAL HOTEL.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.



VIEW NORTH OF WADY HALFA.

highly extolled Abū Simbel; but from a military point of view, the only place of importance between Assouan and Wady Halfa is Korosko. It was here that General Gordon commenced his long and tedious land journey to Khartoum. Above the town there is a hill, some 500 ft. in height, which commands a magnificent view over the volcanic crags and scorching plains of the desert, where the eye can just discern the winding track followed by the hero when he bade farewell to civilisation. There is a considerable garrison of Egyptian soldiers here. Wady Halfa is some distance higher up. Of itself it has no claims to importance; but it has acquired renown during the last decade through being to all intents and purposes the Ultima Thule of Egyptian rule. Lying as it does a few miles below the Second Cataract, it at once suggests itself as a convenient frontier station. An outpost has been established and maintained at Sarras, some forty miles farther on at the head of the cataract. This out-

post has been connected with Halfa by means of a light railway, so that here again the expedition will be able to evade the difficulties attending the navigation of the rapids.

The troops stationed at Halfa, probably some 5000 in all, occupy what is known as the fort, although of fortifications proper there are none. A well-kept path has been carried for about a mile along the right bank of the river, in front of a row of trim and comfortable bungalows, some with copiously watered gardens bright with roses and bouganvilleas. The largest bungalow has a terrace overlooking the river, and is occupied by the mess, where, by the way, the dinner menu is a marvel of ingenuity. At the farther end is the house of the Governor, Colonel A. Hunter, who is not only a distinguished soldier, but universally popular. The men's quarters, hospital, and cavalry stables, lie behind the bungalows; beyond are the Camel Corps' enclosures, and then the desert. In this the British officers, usually some seventeen in number, have

succeeded in making a very respectable polo-ground, in which they find their chief amusement. There is also a small racquet-court. Game is conspicuous by its absence, vegetation being of the scantiest kind at Halfa itself, while on the other side of the river there is only blazing desert. The sterility of the surroundings, however, has not protected this region from inroads on the part of the Dervishes. On more than one occasion they have swooped down and plundered villages lying but a few miles below Halfa, and the intricate defiles of the desert have enabled them to elude the vigilant outlook, which is never for a moment relaxed. In January last intelligence reached the authorities of a Dervish force on the march. Troops, gun-boats, cavalry, and Camel Corps were promptly sent out in every direction. The Khalifa's forces have now been emboldened to press on in other quarters, and the time has apparently come for him and his followers to receive a lesson.



TROOPS GOING UP THE NILE.

The officers are on board the stern-wheeler, and the troops occupy two barges, which are fastened to her, one on each side.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.



EGYPTIAN CAMEL CORPS PATROLLING IN THE DESERT SOUTH OF AKASHEH

LITERATURE.

SLATIN PASHA IN THE SOUDAN.

Fire and Sword in the Sudan. A Personal Narrative, by Rudolf C. Slatin Pasha, C.B. Translated by Major F. R. Wingate, C.B. Illustrated by R. Talbot Kelly (Edward Arnold).—One day of March last year, riding on a camel with an Arab guide northward, across the Nubian desert from Abu Hamed, the author of this volume arrived at Assouan, the most southerly town of Egypt on the Nile. He had escaped on the night of Feb. 20 from captivity at Omdurman, in the neighbourhood of Khartoum, by the aid of friends at Cairo with whom he had been in secret correspondence. Though not the first, since he had been preceeded by Father Ohrwalder and Father Rossignuoli, he is, of the very few surviving European prisoners of the Mahdi who have returned to the civilised world, the one best able now to describe the actual condition of the Soudan. Colonel Slatin Pasha, of the Khedive's army, was Mudir or Governor of Darfur, the south-western province, beyond Kordofan, of the Egyptian dominions before they were overrun by the Mahdi and his followers. He was appointed in 1879 by General Gordon, being then a young Austrian Lieutenant of Infantry, who had already travelled in the Soudan. The narrative of his dealings in 1882 and 1883, with the revolt of the southern tribes in his province, the disaffection of local chiefs, slave-trading merchants, and corrupt officials, the general breakdown of the Government administration, and the panic excited by the Mahdi's victories in Kordofan, proves that he did all he could in the Khedive's service. As a personal matter of some interest affecting his character we may observe that it was at this time and simply to win more of the confidence of his Mohammedan soldiers in his chances of gaining a battle that he pretended to undergo a religious conversion. He remained at heart just as much attached to the Christianity in which he had been educated as before; and, during his long subsequent captivity, was obliged to force his own conscience to keep up a profession of zeal for Islam, without which he would soon have been put to death; but a motive of official duty or expediency for the sake of retaining command over his troops may be pleaded to excuse this course in the first instance. Emin Pasha, a very truthful man, would probably have done likewise; Gordon certainly not.

After the surrender, on Jan. 15, 1884, of El Fasher, the capital of Darfur, as well as of Dara, which town he could not possibly defend with a garrison of five hundred men, disheartened and short of ammunition, Slatin was compelled to yield his province to one of the Mahdi's general officers. He was then conducted to the Mahdi's headquarters in Kordofan, where he had several interviews with that exalted personage, and was put under the immediate charge of the Khalifa Abdullahi, the present ruler of the Mahdist empire.

This book confirms, but does not much enlarge, previous historical accounts of the singular career of that cunning impostor Mohammed Ahmed of Dongola, bred as a theological student at Berber and Khartoum, who, by the affectation of ascetic piety and by the preaching of an intolerant doctrine, claiming divine authority as the "Mahdi," or inspired Guide of the Moslems, formed a new sect opposed to all other Mohammedan religions and civil institutions, bitterly hostile to the Turks and to the Egyptians. At his death, soon after the capture of Khartoum in January 1884, the Mahdi was succeeded by Abdullahi, who is styled, not Mahdi, but Khalifa—three rival Khalifas having been set aside in his favour. Of this cruel tyrant's character and position; his habits of life, manners and temper; his rules and modes of government; his ministers, courtiers and officials; and the resources at his disposal, Slatin Pasha, who has passed twelve years in almost daily intercourse with him as a humble servant, gives a very complete account. Such information, which may perhaps be useful in the event of future conflicts with that still formidable East African Power, fills a large part of the book.

Omdurman, which has grown into a large town from a mere riverside hamlet and fort, on the left bank of the White Nile, and nearly opposite to the western side of Khartoum, is the capital of the Dervishes, as the Mahdist are now often called. The once prosperous and wealthy commercial city of Khartoum is almost abandoned to ruin. Its siege, with Gordon's heroic defence, and its fall, unrelieved, with the tragedy of Gordon's death, have been related, from such documents and testimony as can be procured, in the histories of the fruitless British military expedition. Why that expedition, though its advanced force reached Metemneh, just two or three days too late to save Khartoum and Gordon, did not proceed to Omdurman and break up the Mahdi's power, is a question that few unofficial Englishmen can answer. Lord Wolseley could have done it within three weeks if he had been allowed to go forward with the force he had at Korti. It is now or may hereafter be practicable, as Slatin Pasha thinks, for some other force of a European nation holding dominion in Africa—the Congo Free State, the French, or the Italians, if not the British, to overthrow the Dervish Empire by attacking it upon a different side. The Bahr-el-Ghazal, the Upper White Nile, Kassala, and Berber, are probably open to such attacks. But the opportunity to recover Khartoum within a month after its loss was unaccountably declined. The British army was then hurried home, abandoning or destroying its stores at Metemneh; and the commanding positions of Dongola, Ambukol, and Korti, on the Middle Nile, which Lord Wolseley had gained and held, were then left to the enemy. This was a great mistake, as we now see, on the part of our Government and our nation. It was right, indeed, that England should deplore the fate of Gordon; but had the Nile Expedition no further end in view? The story of the fall of Khartoum receives no substantial addition from Slatin Bey's personal evidence, as he lay, in those days, a prisoner loaded with chains, shut up in a hut in the enemy's camp at Omdurman, listening to the sounds of conflict. But when they had slain Gordon, they showed the head which they had cut off in derision to their tortured captive, asking him, "Is not this the head of your uncle the unbeliever?"

NOTES ON BOOKS.

The problem of the migration of stories from one country to another—for example, there are nearly four hundred variants of "Cinderella" scattered over the globe—has long exercised the students of folk-lore. And Mr. Joseph Jacobs's reprint of the old romance *Barlaam and Josaphat* (Nutt) brings the question anew to the fore. For the legend tells how the great founder of Buddhism was converted to the Christian faith, and became, under the name of Saint Josaphat, canonised by the Roman Catholic Church. Mr. Jacobs brings out of the treasury of his knowledge a store of information, necessarily mixed with speculations, as to how so strange a confusion came about. Facts were of small import in ancient days, as witness how the Ethiopian biographer of Alexander the Great transformed his hero, who died b.c. 322, into a Christian King!

A Child's History of Scotland. By Mrs. Oliphant. "The Children's Study." (T. Fisher Unwin.)—In a prefatory note to this in all ways attractive book Mrs. Oliphant modestly deprecates a comparison with Sir Walter Scott's classical "Tales of a Grandfather." But, as she justly adds, "each generation has need of its own books, notwithstanding the existence of much better books belonging to an earlier time." While displaying a love akin to his own of the heroic and the chivalrous, Mrs. Oliphant lays more stress on the social and industrial progress of Scotland than Scott did, while her sympathy with the Scottish Reformation and the Covenanters is much greater than his. Mrs. Oliphant writes history for juveniles as agreeably as fiction for their seniors, and by young people on both sides of the Tweed her admirable little volume will be found delightful reading.

Miss Mary Anderson's most interesting record of unbroken triumphs (McIlvaine and Co.) was written—says its preface—with the sole object of "doing a little to make young girls realise how serious an undertaking it is to adopt a life so full of hardships, humiliations, and even dangers." Yet no stage-struck schoolgirl in her wildest day-dreams ever pictured to herself a success more instantaneous, continuous, or brilliant than is recorded in this autobiography of "an awful example." McCullough offered Madame de Navarro, when but sixteen years of age, the part of Lady Anne in "Richard the Third," "and was amused when I answered that I would rather not play second fiddle even to him." From her very childhood she adopted, and acted on, and successfully enforced the motto—

By the faith of man

I know my price; I am worth no worse a place; while her sorest trial seems to have been the stupefying length of her Shaksperian runs. It is odd to learn that these runs deaden the memory, so that G. F. Cooke's witty apology to the audience for having forgotten his lines after a run of over four hundred nights: "Well, you know, no fellow's memory can last for ever" was not the grotesque inversion it seems. Apropos of these Shaksperian runs Madame de Navarro perpetrates the following perfectly delightful bull: "In spite of the recent futile attempts to prove that Shakspere did not write his own plays, and the unworthy effort so to rob him of his glory, it is clearly obvious to all who do not wish to gain notoriety by trying to fell a giant, that Shakspere is for all climes and all times." Why an alteration in the title-page should unfit the plays for all climes and all times Madame de Navarro does not explain. Certainly "Madame de Navarro" on the title-page does not make these memories of Mary Anderson less delightful reading.

Messrs. Dent and Co. have published the fifteenth and sixteenth volumes of their *Romances and Narratives of Daniel Defoe*, completing the edition. These volumes contain "Due Preparations for the Plague," "The King of Pirates," "Jack Sheppard," "Jonathan Wild," "The Apparition of Mrs. Veal," and other pieces. The story of Mrs. Veal has long been regarded as a remarkable specimen of Defoe's inventive faculty; but the editor of the present edition, Mr. George Aitken, has found a contemporary memorandum in the fourth edition at the British Museum, which states that the writer had received from Mrs. Bargrave, to whom the ghost of Mrs. Veal was said to have appeared, a personal confirmation of the narrative. This memorandum is in Latin and anonymous, and perhaps it does not carry as much weight as Mr. Aitken supposes; but he has collected evidence to show that the personages in Defoe's story were well known. It is likely enough that Mrs. Bargrave told her neighbours how Mrs. Veal's ghost came to tea; and talked most commendably about religious books; but it is even more likely that Defoe embellished the tale.

Picture Posters. By Charles Hiatt. (George Bell and Sons.)—"It would be merely foolish," says the author of this comely volume, "to pretend that the pictorial poster, looked at from the point of view of art, is of the same importance as a portrait by Velasquez or an etching by Rembrandt." We quite agree with him, although we own to sharing in some measure his enthusiasm for the bold and graceful *affiches* that adorn the hoardings of Paris; and, as is fitting, the place of honour in the present volume is given to the works of French artists. Mr. Hiatt considers that Lalanne, who flourished half a century ago, was the pioneer of the poster. It is owing to the influence of this now-forgotten artist that we have Chérét, Eugène Grasset, and Toulouse-Lantrec, who are, respectively, in their methods impressionist, symbolist, and realist. Of the three, Chérét is the best known in England; but Grasset's poster for Sarah Bernhardt's "Jeanne d'Arc" was much appreciated in London, as is also at the present time Steinlen's charming picture of the little girl and the three cats which brightens the stations of the Underground Railway. Walter Crane and Fred Walker were the first English artists to recognise the possibilities of the poster; Sir John Millais and Mr. H. S. Marks followed suit, paving the way in their turn for the brilliant coterie of young men—Dudley Hardy, Aubrey Beardsley, Raven-Hill, and Phil May—who have done so much to aestheticise advertisement. Beardsley's poster for

the Avenue Theatre was to many as is a red rag to a bull, but, nevertheless, it compelled their attention. And that is precisely what was intended. Mr. Hiatt thinks that Beardsley's eccentricities are imported from Japan. This may be true, but a cursory glance through a portfolio of Watteau's engravings will reveal another source of his inspiration. In America great strides are being made in this form of art, but, judging by the specimens included in Mr. Hiatt's book, American artists have not striven after originality. From a concluding note it would appear that there are many collectors of posters; we agree with Mr. Hiatt that the enormous size of most of them is an objection; but, on the other hand, we are inclined to think that to ride such an unwieldy hobby-horse would need more than "a little heroism." The book is lavishly illustrated, and although colour-scheme is the main feature of the poster, the reproductions in black and white do not lose much of their value.

In Verses and Sonnets (Ward and Downey) Mr. Hilaire Belloc affords one more example of the author who possesses a distinct talent, a marked individuality, in one form of verse, but who prefers to work in a medium where, if he shows a high order of fancy, he misses the quality which distinguishes him from a score of other versomakers. The best, the most characteristic items in this pretty little book, occupying only a quarter of it, are a series of verses entitled "Grotesques." The epithet to apply to them, even if it has become hackneyed, is quaint. Every one of them is haunting and delightfully impalpable. Yet the writer seems to prefer the sonnet, although his work in this form is often too reminiscent of the great masters, and is rather unequal. Some of the sonnets, however, are rich and resonant, especially the one on March—there is a series on the twelve months—opening with the fine line, "The north-east wind has come from Norway"; and the one on September, quite the best in the book, is great of its kind. But it is the "Grotesques" that will attract attention, and mark out this book from the hundreds of volumes of verses that continue to trickle into the literature of the day.

A LITERARY LETTER.

A book of considerable interest, which has been largely subscribed for recently, and which will be published by Messrs. Blades, East, and Blades, of 23, Abchurch Lane, is a bibliography of the "Eikon Basilike." The author, or compiler, is Mr. Edward Almack, who holds very strong views with regard to the authorship of the "Eikon," and does not hesitate to assign it to Charles I. The volume will contain a very large number of facsimile titlepages to the various editions of the "Eikon," these facsimiles being the exact shape of the originals, and where both red and black inks have been used, they have been printed again in the two colours.

Mr. Almack claims to have discovered an even earlier edition of the great book than that which has hitherto borne the character of first edition. This was printed by Royston "in Ivie Lane" in 1648. Mr. Almack himself possesses over fifty editions of the "Eikon." Some of them, which were published in secret during the Commonwealth, bear signs that they were treasured by the Cavaliers with a veneration second only to that which the Puritan gave to his Bible. Altogether Mr. Almack has dived deep into a fascinating subject, and one may be certain that his book will be a great success.

The famous correspondence between Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Yates, and the Garrick Club, which was printed for private circulation in 1859, has been reprinted in exact facsimile by Mr. Hollings, of the Turnstile, Holborn, to the despair of bibliophiles. The very colour of the paper has been imitated. The letters deal with a rather painful quarrel between Dickens and Thackeray, in which it must be admitted by Thackeray's most enthusiastic admirers that he was in the wrong. A copy of the pamphlet has fetched as much as £40 in the auction room, and not £8, as stated by Mr. Hollings in his catalogue. The copy sold at the Yates sale was cut down and bound, and that was why it only fetched a few pounds. One wonders what the executors of Mr. Thackeray, who have hitherto not been keenly in favour of the indiscriminate appearance of his letters, have got to say on the subject.

Mr. Ruskin has stated more than once that the world is welcome to read any letter that he has written. A bundle of his unpublished correspondence which I have just seen will certainly pleasantly enhance the impression which Mr. Ruskin always leaves among his admirers by everything that he writes. Take, for example, the following characteristic sentence—

Every day I am more sure of the mistake made by good people universally in trying to pull fallen people up, instead of keeping the yet safe ones from tumbling after them; and always spending their pains on the worst instead of the best material.

And again—

Please drop the Mr., it is a matter of friendship, not—if there were any—of different powers. God only knows of higher and lower, and—as far as I can judge—is likely to put ministry to the sick much above public letters.

The *Times* gives nearly a column to the late George Richmond's biography, and enumerates a very large number of his portraits of celebrities. But it says nothing of the one which has been seen by more eyes than all Richmond's other portraits put together. I refer to the portrait of Charlotte Brontë which accompanies Mrs. Gaskell's "Life." That portrait was taken in London and sent to Haworth Parsonage in 1852. In 1861, when Mr. A. B. Nicholls left Haworth, it was removed by him to his Irish home, where it still remains. It has twice since been sent to England, once to be copied for Mr. George Smith, and once to be exhibited in a collection of portraits—I think in the Exhibition of 1862. Mr. Nicholls will bequeath it to the National Portrait Gallery.—C. K. S.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Benjamin Disraeli, remarkable man though he was, had an unfortunate knack of presenting absolute truths in such a light and airy manner as to prevent their acceptance by those who heard them from his lips or read them afterwards in the reports of his speeches. He was probably as great a Parliamentary orator as many of those whose reputation in that respect exceeds his own; yet I have heard it said over and over again by men who were in the habit of listening to him that his words failed to carry conviction. He himself was no doubt aware of this when he maintained that the most eloquent discourse in Parliament never displaced a single vote.

On the other hand we have this. One day, more than a century ago, when Mirabeau was to address the National Assembly against Necker, Madame de Staél, Necker's daughter, was amongst the audience. I need scarcely add that a daughter who worshipped her father as did the famous author of "Corinne" could not but have been animated with the strongest prejudices against his assailant. Nevertheless, little by little the listener became absolutely subdued; she seemed to have neither eyes nor ears for anyone but the speaker; and finally, at the end of the discourse, which proved to be a terrible indictment against the Finance Minister of Louis XVI., his idolising child leant forward and frantically applauded her father's opponent.

No doubt the effect of the latter's speech wore off, and by the time she reached home Madame de Staél was as firmly convinced as ever that her father was right and Mirabeau wrong. If the truth were absolutely known, she hated Mirabeau more than she had done before for having made her waver in her allegiance, though only for a moment.

On the face of it, this would make one agree with Dr. Parker, who, a few days since, at the Free Church Congress at Nottingham, deliberately recommended the use of dry sermons. He was supported in his views by Dr. Monro Gibson and other eminent divines of the Nonconformist school; and this, if rightly considered, would lead one to the conclusion that pulpit eloquence is an "extra," not at all necessary to the propagation of the faith, and, if anything, subversive of it: for Dr. Parker does not leave one to infer that conclusion; he distinctly forces it upon one by saying that unless a sermon becomes a damning instrument or an instrument of benediction, the Church is in danger of losing its ground. These may not be his exact words, but they are nearly so.

I need not assure the reader that this is not a question of religion with me; if it were, I should be particularly careful not to discuss it in these columns. What I would ask is this? Have we and our fathers before us all been wrong in preferring an eloquent address, no matter whether such an address was delivered from a pulpit, a platform, or a stage, to a dull, colourless homily which would send us to sleep, if a sense of decorum did not make us fight against the almost overpowering feeling of drowsiness?

I, for one, am loth to think so. But, after all, in this instance I may only belong to the crowd, and, as such, not be competent to enter the lists against so eminent a man as the minister of the City Temple. I will therefore depart from my usual method, and give the opinions of a few authorities, most of whom are dead; but that, in Dr. Parker's and in my readers' minds, will not detract from their authority.

"The height of eloquence," remarks Marmontel, "is to say that which no one thought before they heard it, and which everyone thinks after having heard it." "Eloquence stands in stead of martial music: it steals the soul against the coming danger." This is from the very woman who applauded her father's opponent, and no doubt went home to warn her father against the danger that opponent's words conveyed. Not for one single moment does she suspect the rectitude and single-mindedness of the orator, as many have done in the case of Mirabeau, Disraeli, Gambetta, Thiers, and others who are still alive, and whom, therefore, I am debarred from mentioning, for elsewhere the great woman says: "It is through the medium of eloquence that the virtues of one become the common property of all those who listen to him." And a second time she observes: "The first of all truths, that of morality, is at the same time the most fruitful source of eloquence."

And both La Harpe and Goethe agree with her. "Eloquence is the just expression of a true sentiment," writes the first. "You will never influence mankind—if your eloquence does not spring from the heart," writes the great German philosopher and poet. Here is the definition of eloquence by the most eloquent pulpit-orator of modern days—Lacordaire. "Eloquence is the manifestation of the soul itself—nay, eloquence is the soul itself—shattering all the obstacles imposed upon it by the flesh, leaving the bosom that bears it, and flinging itself recklessly into the souls of others." "The mysterious power of words as incarnated in eloquence means simply the substitution of the soul that speaks for the soul that listens." "Eloquence is simply the art of convincing," writes Taine.

Enough. I do not imagine that Dr. Parker will be convinced by my quotations, but perhaps some of my readers will, and if they set their faces against dry sermons, a beginning will have been made, and perhaps by and by we shall arrive at the state of bearable public speaking so ardently wished for a year or two ago by Dr. Crichton Browne in a remarkable lecture.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.
W P HIND.—The modern rule is that the pieces should be moved simultaneously; or if the Rook is touched first, it must not be quitted before the King is also touched.

G ARCHER.—Mate can be given, probably in about twenty-five to thirty moves; but the position is a difficult one.

R D FRAZER.—The rules are not very clear on the point, but according to the B.C. Association's last code, the game is drawn without the need of notice.

G S S (The *Lancet*).—We are much obliged for your courteous communication, which we are sure will prove interesting to some of our readers.

A MONTAGUE (Maida Vale).—We regret we cannot comply with your request. It would need considerable explanation.

THETA.—(1) No, it must be promoted at once. (2) A mating position can be shown with King and two Knights against King, but it cannot be forced without further strength. The position is well known in problems, where it is obtained usually by the sacrifice of another piece.

W C D (Northampton).—We hope to publish it at no distant date.

J McROBERT.—Your problems shall have our attention.

C W (Sunbury).—The one with the White King at R 5th is very good, and shall appear shortly. The other is cooked by 1. B to K 3rd, 2. B to B sq, etc.

DR F ST (Camberwell).—(No. 1) Q to B 4th (ch); (No. 2) 1. K to B 3rd, K takes P; 2. B to Kt 8th, etc; (No. 3) a bad dual in main play.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2707 received from Evans (Port Hope, Ontario); of No. 2708 from Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), E Lupton May (Pentonville), and Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna); of No. 2709 from R H Brooks, J H Johnston, Dr. J H Traquair, J Whittingham (Welshpool), Professor Charles Wagner, E Lupton May, and Gladstone Allen (Nottingham); of No. 2710 from J Bailey (Newark), E G Boys, E Loudon, L Desanges, Professor Charles Wagner, W Rogers, F Leete (Sudbury), W Lillie (Manchester), Oliver Icninga, R Worts (Canterbury), J S Wesley (Exeter), and Joseph T Pullen (Exeter).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2711 received from F A Carter (Maldon); George C Turner, Oliver Icninga, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Fr Fernando (Glasgow), R H Brooks, J Coad, J Whittingham (Welshpool), G T Hughes (Athy), H T Afterbury, H E Lee (Ipswich), W R B (Clifton), Captain Spencer, H S Bradneith, S W S Hamilton (Monaghan), Dr. A C Farquharson, Castle Lea, J F Moon, R Worts (Canterbury), Alpha, Hereward, B Copland (Chelmsford), A Flathead, W R Raillem, F Roberts (Sudbury), T Chown, F James (Wolverhampton), Shadforth, T Roberts, J Sowden, E B Foord (Cheltenham), Mrs. Kelly (Kelly), C E Perugini, W F Anderson, Eugene Henry, C Luther (Aberdare), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), Professor Charles Wagner, F Waller (Luton), S Downs (Ledsham), J D Tucker (Leeds), E Loudon, H M Beatson (Southsea), John M S Moorat (Folkestone), Marie S Priestley (Bangor, County Down), Hobhouse, J S Wesley (Exeter), W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), Sorrento, A Balls (Highgate), F W C (Edgbaston), and Frater.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2710.—By R. T. MILFORD.

WHITE.

1. Q to Q sq
2. Q takes B (ch)
3. Kt to B 8th. Mate.

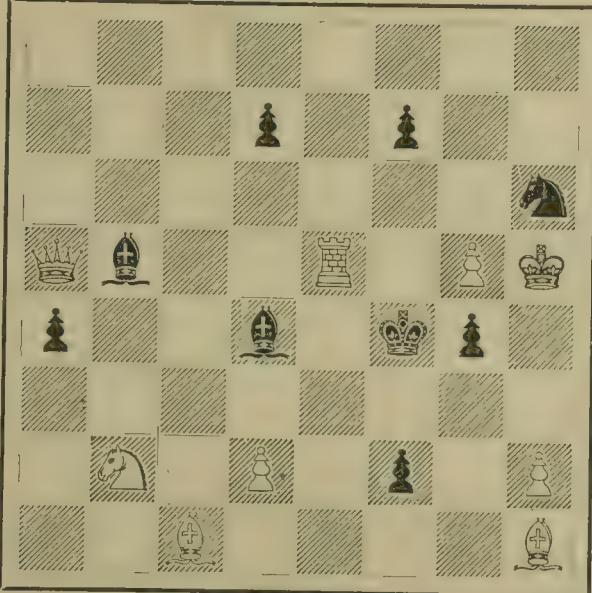
BLACK.
K takes Kt (at K 6th)
K takes Q

If Black play 1. K takes Kt at Kt 6th, 2. Q to Kt 4th (ch). If 1. P takes Kt, 2. R to R 6th (ch), K takes Kt; 3. Q mates accordingly.

PROBLEM NO. 2713

By W. A. CLARK.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS BY CABLE.

Game played in the match England v. America between Messrs. H. N. PILSBURY and J. H. BLACKBURNE.

(Queen's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. P.) BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
2. P to Q 4th P takes P
It is very unusual to take this pawn, which cannot be successfully defended.
3. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
4. P to K 3rd P to K 3rd
5. B to K 4th has now some points to command it.
5. Kt to B 3rd P to B 3rd
6. B takes P Q Kt to Q 2nd
7. Castles B to Q 3rd
8. P to K 4th P to K 4th
This appears to be an error of judgment, as the result is, Black cannot castle, and loses his B P. For some time White now decidedly has it all his own way. It was necessary to retire the B to B 2nd.
9. P takes P Q Kt takes P
10. Kt takes Kt K takes Kt
11. Q takes Q (ch) K takes Q
12. E takes P R to B sq
13. B to Kt 3rd B takes Kt
14. R to Q 5 (ch) B to Q 2nd
15. P takes B Kt takes P
16. B to R 3rd R to B 3rd
17. R to Q 4th
It was pointed out during play that R to K sq at once would have produced variations more favourable to White, as may easily be seen.
18. R to K sq
Kt takes Q B P
It was pointed out during play that R takes B (ch), K takes B; 20. R to K 7th, K to Q sq; 21. R takes K Kt P, R to K 7th (ch), K to Q 5; 22. R takes B P, threatening to win the Q R by R to B 8th (ch), would have won the game.

18. K to B 2nd R to Q 5
19. R to K 7th R to Q sq
20. R to Q 3rd Kt to Q 4th
21. R takes P R to K 3rd
22. R to B 7th K to B sq
23. B takes Kt P takes B
24. R takes R P to B 4th
25. R to B 3rd (ch) K to Kt sq
26. K to B 7th

An error of some magnitude for the Black wins.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Some months ago, in this column, I referred to the probability that mate tea, or Paraguay tea, as it is also called, would come to the front in this country as a new beverage as soon as its virtues were made known to the public. My prediction appears to have come true in one sense, for I learn that at 39, Victoria Street, London, S.W., a company has opened a dépôt for the sale of the tea. Since I last wrote on this topic, I have been experimenting with mate tea. I find it to be most palatable if used with a slice of lemon, after the fashion, indeed, in which many persons flavour ordinary tea; but sugar alone, or sugar combined with milk, may be employed according to individual taste. The secret of successful preparation of mate tea is to use water thoroughly boiling, and which has just come to the boil. These directions apply to the successful infusion of mate as to that of ordinary tea. The quantity of mate used for one infusion is simply that which we use of China or Indian tea, or, probably, rather less; for the Paraguay tea infuses quickly—a result I regard as due to the fine state of division of the leaf, which parts readily with its principles.

These principles are represented not only by theine, which is the active ingredient in teas at large, but also by a certain amount of nitrogenous matter which is practically non-existent in ordinary tea and coffee. The great advantage of mate lies first in its restorative and stimulant properties. These, I believe, far exceed the qualities of tea in this respect. In addition, mate has high sustaining powers, such as are represented in kola itself. The South-American natives who consume mate (the shrub is native to the continent) are accustomed to regard and to use it as a sustainer when their food-supply is scanty. I believe it really acts in this way by making a given quantity of food go farther, as it were, through limiting or reducing the waste-processes of the body. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that mate is a very valuable food-adjunct, and may well come to replace tea and coffee as a beverage, or at least largely to rival these articles in public favour. I am glad to note that the medical journals have been unanimous in praise of mate, and that they have also laid stress on the fact that the tannin principle which is present in the Paraguay tea is not only developed in small amount, but is of a different nature from that seen in ordinary tea. The tannin of China and Indian tea is responsible for much digestive trouble, while mate cannot be indicted in this respect at all.

The arrival of a new gorilla at the London "Zoo" is an event which every naturalist will regard with interest. It is to be hoped that the fate of previous specimens—that of an untimely death—which also overtook the gentle and educated "Sally," may be avoided in the case of the new and distinguished ape. The gorilla comes from the French Congo. It is a female, and is said to be in perfect health. The animal, I understand, is of greater age than the specimens usually brought to this country, so that we may hope for a higher degree of longevity than was attained by its predecessors. The chimpanzee and gorilla inhabit the West African Gaboon region. The other two anthropoid or man-like apes are the orang and gibbons. The former inhabits Borneo, while the latter have a more extensive distribution over the Indian zoological region. A curious fact in ancient history is that Hanno the Carthaginian mentions the gorilla as having been met with in the course of his travels, the reference given corresponding with a fair amount of accuracy to the region inhabited by the gorilla to-day.

The recent speculations and rumours regarding the possibility of Nansen having arrived at his Polar destination have directed attention anew to the idea of Herr Andrée, who proposes to descend on the mystic area by aid of a balloon. The feasibility of this attempt is, I believe, regarded with favour by experts, although one could wish that the dirigibility of balloons were an accomplished fact. But I learn that Herr Andrée's balloon is at least nearing completion. The upper half is ready, and the lower half is in course of construction. Gothenburg is the place of its manufacture, and a balloon-house is to be erected at Spitzbergen. A cargo of sulphuric acid, to be employed in generating the gas for the inflation of the balloon, is to be carried to Spitzbergen in the aéronaut's steamer; and in May, I believe, Herr Andrée's attempt is to be duly made. More unlikely things have happened than the realisation of the possibility of Nansen and Andrée shaking hands at the Pole.

A very practical application of the "new photography" has lately been suggested in the shape of the idea—practicable enough, of course—that the process of healing in broken bones can be observed without any disturbance of the bandages or splints used to keep the limb in position. This seems to me a very apt suggestion, and is only one of the many uses to which the new rays may be put in the course of surgical practice.

The spleen, of old, formed an organ which puzzled the classic physiologists. It did not seem to manufacture any secretion, like the liver or sweetbread; and they knew, as we do to-day, that removal of the organ is not necessarily attended by much disturbance of the vital functions, a fact due to the duties of the missing spleen being laid on the shoulders of other organs, most probably the lymphatic glands. The spleen is undoubtedly a blood-gland. It is the seat of manufacture of the corpuscles of the blood, red and white, and it no doubt also disposes of the old rolling-stock of the blood, dissolving and disintegrating the worn-out corpuscles. Additional evidence regarding the spleen has been supplied by Professor Schäfer, F.R.S., and Mr. B. Moore. They have proved that the spleen acts as a kind of safety-valve to the blood-circulation, and it responds at once to all variations in the blood-pressure, whether these variations are from heart or lungs. It is an organ which shows rhythmical contractions, and would appear to be a kind of delicate "governor," analogous in its nature to the self-acting mechanism of that name in the steam-engine.



THE COMING OF SPRING.

FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

When anybody reviews "The Amazing Marriage" I read with an awful apprehension. For I said, and "in the street, too," that I could not read "The Amazing Marriage" after three distinct tries. But I gave the reason: I am "an auld doited body." "It is the critic" (I had the manly candour to observe) "who is now in his 'Count Robert of Paris' stage." Nevertheless, Mr. Le Gallienne, when discoursing of Mr. Meredith's masterpiece in the *Idler*, drops the not wholly unexpected lash over my shoulders. He is puzzled by my frank confession, because I can read plenty of novels "which others find painfully unreadable."

There is an ingenuousness in a critic who is amazed at discovering that tastes differ! To depreciate the genius of Mr. Meredith, either in prose or verse, be far from me! I was an admirer of his, alas! before Mr. Le Gallienne could have been an amateur of toffee, or a student of "Mother Goose." But, as regards "The Amazing Marriage," the characters do not, to my mind, behav-

that they did! Whereas touching the epigrams of the characters in "The Amazing Marriage," how glad one is that people do *not* talk so! Mr. Stevenson, according to gossip, is the model of Woodseer. Like Woodseer—however that may be—Mr. Stevenson did not talk, but otherwise. In any case, tastes differ, luckily; that is the humour of it; and the more kinds of things we can like, the happier we are—if we can get them.

The papers, or the *Daily News* at least, lately quoted from a Warsaw journal a story like the famed Stockwell mystery of the last century. A new under nursery-maid was engaged in a house. On her entering the dining-room, where several people were sitting, the chairs, pictures, and a barometer flew about and danced a corroboree. I think I violate no confidence in saying (on the evidence of a distinguished Polish *savant*) that all the persons who were present in the room solemnly attest this circumstance. *But*, I believe there is no evidence that a similar phenomenon had ever occurred before in the girl's presence, or has occurred since. So the young Pole is unlike Anne Robinson of Stockwell, for

"testimonials of the reverence for the dead," bequeathed by "the Toltecs," he should exhibit them. I doubt if there ever were any Toltecs: they are the Mrs. Harrises of Anahuac, and I would as soon expect to see the funereal remains of the Coceigrues. But about the Toltecs, really I only ask "for information," like Miss Dartle. Where can one see their "testimonials of reverence for the dead"? And who warrants us that the testimonials are Toltec? The Toltecs, I fancy, were a kind of fabulous race, like the Pechts in Scotland and the Cyclopes in Greece. The Aztecs, on the other hand, have left a literature, which we cannot read, and works of art of an astonishing and even alarming character. Look at the inlaid skull in the British Museum!

GOVERNOR MAXWELL'S ARRIVAL AT CAPE COAST FROM COOMASSIE.

It will be remembered that after the occupation of Coomassie by the British troops, the Governor, Mr. Maxwell, made a tour of the country north of the Ashanti capital, in the course of which he concluded treaties with



THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION: ENTRY OF THE GOVERNOR INTO CAPE COAST ON HIS RETURN FROM COOMASSIE.

like any mortals who ever, in fact or fiction, came into my ken. Moreover, they talk—one and all of them—as I am certain no mortals ever talked, or will talk. "It was not so, and it is not so, and Heaven forbid that it should be so," as the girl says in the fairy tale. Again, I can get reading more to my taste, and less fatiguing to my intelligence, in the Odes of Pindar, and the choruses of Aeschylus, and the philosophical works of the late Mr. T. H. Green. Hard reading, all of them, but better worth the labour (to one student at least) than is a difficult novel, where, as I said, the people all talk in the same witty way. Thinking this, I said this, while regarding with unaffected envy and admiration the critics and the public, who find a plain tale in "The Amazing Marriage." To have so many intellectual superiors is a chastening and a precious thing. Mr. Meredith's earlier novels, easily and often read by myself, the public of the period did not seem to care for, yet girls of seventeen now delight in what I find difficult. With every allowance for enfeebled intellect on my side, there must have been a considerable advance in the general acuteness of the British novel-reader. This is one of the most gratifying proofs of the march of intellect.

It may, of course, be said that mortals never talked as Shakspere's people do. Perhaps not, but how one wishes

the disturbances pursued her from house to house, till her mistress sent her away, which, probably, was just what Anne wanted. Perhaps the Polish young woman also did not like her new place; but "from information received," I doubt if she has "bettered herself." A situation as teacher of the Polish language and literature in the house of a wealthy English Psychical Researcher would be an excellent berth for this enigmatic young woman.

It is a little hard in the reviewer of poetry for the *Athenaeum* to say that the public "always adores the poetaster, and always ignores the poet." Would it were so!—the times would be good for Mr. Traill's celebrated *Seventy*, "of whom I am one of them," as an old writer phrases it. But, happy thought, I *may* be "the true poet whom the public always ignores"; indeed, I don't think it adores any of us! We are, therefore, all true poets; and, by parity of reasoning, Lord Tennyson, Byron, Scott, Shakspere, Pope, Dryden, were all poetasters, for the public of their days adored every one of them.

"Always" is too sweeping: many good poets have had their reward in their lifetime; many poetasters have had no reward at all, and many others uncommonly little. The public is not such a fool as certain of the learned suppose. But, if the reviewer really has any

the chiefs of some seven important tribes. The chiefs assembled at Coomassie to sign the treaties, and Mr. Maxwell subsequently returned to Cape Coast. We give above an Illustration of his arrival, which was celebrated with much enthusiasm and general rejoicing. The Governor has since been presented with an address by the Chamber of Commerce congratulating him on the successful results of the expedition. There seems, indeed, to be every prospect of widespread tranquillity now that King Prempeh's reign of terror is at an end. His barbaric Majesty's downfall has proved a cause of very general satisfaction to his neighbours and subjects alike. Treaties with tribes farther afield than those included in Governor Maxwell's tour are being arranged by the detachment of officers who have been sent to explore the country around Boutuku, the stronghold of the powerful chief Samory; and Major Piggott, Acting British Resident at Coomassie, is extending the sphere of his explorations considerably beyond the tract of forest which stretches northward from Coomassie. It is hoped that the country will ere long be effectually opened up to the influences of civilisation, and that the condition of many of the natives may be improved by the establishment of regular commercial intercourse with the coast. Two missionary societies are already at work in the capital on a crusade against the horrible practices of the native religion.

THE LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

Being pre-eminently truthful and a woman of my word, I sit down to the consideration of the French model, which, by the way, always has my intense sympathy for its short life. The possibilities of success only await it for about two months, when, if it fails to attract, it is ruthlessly sacrificed on the altar of an after-season sale. I can picture its triumph, its pride in itself when it issues brand-new from the atelier of some world-famed artist, fit for a Princess, and conscious that it may decorate one, and the



AN EVENING DRESS.

utter humiliation it must feel when, marked for less than one-third of its original cost, it ultimately becomes the possession of a suburban damsel, who has not the least idea of how to put it on, and whose second-rate corsets and petticoats are quite unworthy of its silken linings and elaborate fineries. I suppose a French model may be accredited with sentiment, and that joy in its own beauty may be written down as its most prominent sensation. But to the details of the kind which at the moment is flooding the market.

French models are arriving into London by every post. Perhaps their most distinguishing characteristic is the trimming of white. Nearly every dress will show a white tulle cravat, or a white front, or white pipings. These last, now I come to think of it, appear on some excellent dresses of black cloth, when they border cloth strappings either set into straight bands or turned into conventional designs. Whereas most of the day dresses show a touch of white, most of the evening dresses may be observed exhibiting a touch of black. For instance, a pale pink satin, softly veiled with pink embroidered muslin and belted with triple bands of pink ribbon, will exhibit a bow of black tulle across the décolletage, and very becoming this is too, especially to the possessor of a white neck. Then, a white satin gown liberally embroidered with steel and jet I have met, with one shoulder-strap of black tulle, while the other was formed of a band and erect plumes of black ostrich-feathers. The black velvet basque made in tabs also puts in its appearance on a very charming evening gown of white satin, which has a bodice embroidered in many coloured silks in a floral pattern. The embroideries are wonderfully lovely, mostly embracing in their design the Louis Seize period, and invariably using a gold tinsel. Very delightful embroideries are made of baby ribbons, these being worked to form the petals of flowers. Grass lawn treated in such a fashion as this makes the most attractive of bodices, and these will, no doubt, be the idol of fashion at Ascot. One of these embroideries has the privilege of forming that bodice sketched on this page, and it is outlined with a frill of chiffon, while the sleeves and skirt are of shot glacé silk. The skirt is somewhat in a novel form, hanging in pleats from below the hips, where it is headed with a band of the grass lawn embroidery.

Shot glacé silk this year absorbs much attention from the authorities, and its quality is not strained, but droppeth as a gentle rain from the best markets. glacé silk being to-day a thick firm substance, occasionally shot with three colours, but sometimes only showing two. It forms the groundwork of nearly all the new model capes, either in its simplest aspect, ruched with the same material, or covered with grass lawn and elaborately embroidered. Besides being embroidered in silk and ribbon, grass lawn is embroidered in coloured cotton interspersed with gold thread, and, under such circumstances, it is, of course, less expensive, and perhaps no less charming.

The evening dress illustrated is of roseate pink satin, the skirt showing gores of white mousseline de soie set into tucks and fringed with roses. It is roses, roses all the way, as the poet might have observed, for these appear at the top of the décolletage, inside the bows on the shoulder, and again border the puffs of the sleeves, which are arranged to show the upper portion of the arm in a fashion only really becoming to the few, but, alas! adopted by the many.

But let me wander for a moment from the dresses to the consideration of the petticoats. We are most of us in need of these garments at the moment, when we should economically consider our evening dresses which have done their duty, and should send these to the cleaners to be once again made things of beauty, and then, supplying them with flounces of muslin and lace, or of silk and chiffon, should induce them to do petticoat service.

A charming way of trimming a petticoat is with a deep flounce made of stripes in satin ribbon and cream insertion, kiltd and edged with a narrow frill of the lace. This is, however, not a very inexpensive suggestion. Somewhat cheaper is the accordion-kilted frill of glacé silk; but then, somewhat dearer again, and certainly more attractive, will be two accordion-kilted frills of glacé silk, the upper one to be cut into scallops and pinked out before being submitted to the intricacies of the accordion-kilted. Delightful possessions for the prodigal are white glacé petticoats, with two of these accordion-kilted flounces extending from the knees to the hem. These are admirable for everyday wear, and as decorative as the petticoats trimmed with lace, while they lack such frail disadvantages. For evening wear it is impossible to beat the petticoat of pale silk—white, pink, or blue—with double flounces of accordion-kilted chiffon of two colours edged with lace or narrow ribbon—a pale blue petticoat, for instance, with flounces of mauve and blue chiffon will look delightful, the mauve flounce to be trimmed with baby ribbon in blue, the blue to be bordered with baby ribbon in mauve. Anyone who doubts the truth of this recipe for making an old dress into a new petticoat after endeavouring to prove it may address letters of protest to me.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEE.—The width of an ordinary bicycling skirt should be two yards; in length it should be cut just to escape the ankle. The best material for ordinary wear is perhaps the Lovat mixture, which you can obtain at Shoolbred's for 4s. 6d. a yard double width. This is sufficiently heavy, and altogether a capital stuff.

Any shape of coat will do so long as you eschew jerseys with turn-down linen collars. These serve for cold weather, but in warm weather I prefer the shirt to any sort of under-bodice. A coat always looks better on the machine than a bodice.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

One of the features of the spring is the lady cyclist. It is extraordinary what preparations are being made for her just now in the way of both machines and dresses. For town use, the "rational" costume has not found favour. In Paris, on the contrary, it is almost as novel to come across a lady cycling in a skirt as here it is to see one at a fashionable resort in knickers. The Frenchwoman is a better dresser than the Englishwoman, in large part, because she *will* wear what she finds most suitable for the purpose in hand. She (whatever her station) carries this sense of the fitness of things through all her daily life. The well-to-do middle-class matron, for instance, will go about in a loose jacket—which she calls a "matinée"—till she has completely finished her morning's oversight of the household; whereas the Englishwoman of similar standing would feel untidy and neglectful if she did not buckle herself up in her stays first thing in the morning. In like manner, the French working women don attire suitable to their duties: the short skirt of the peasant and the cotton frock of the Paris laundress are equally fit for their position, and far more pleasing than the draggled old long dresses of the British hard-labouring woman. So knickers for cycling have at once passed out of the domain of controversy in France. It is apparent that, if nothing but what is the most suitable garment for the purpose be considered, the *separate skirt for each limb* is most desirable for cycling. Very well; to the French, that settles it.

Another point that strikes me as showing very forcibly the superior sense about costume of Frenchwomen is the absence of the exaggerated small waist that our women so love. It is to be noticed in French—and, indeed, also in German and Viennese—fashion papers, that an excessively tiny and absurdly compressed waist is not drawn. The natural figure of a woman is considered to display the gowns she is to wear to the best advantage. Hence there is not the tendency on the part of dressmakers in France that there is here to squeeze in and distort the figures of their customers; nor do the wearers of the dresses think that such a course is an addition to smartness. Yet where do we get our dresses so really made to fit us as in Paris? And Frenchwomen, being for the most part thin, are by nature more slim in figure than our women. Cannot we copy each other's virtues, we women of different nations?

Jersey is about to be added to the places to which a man who desires to marry his deceased wife's sister can go to have the ceremony performed. It will none the less be not a legal marriage in England; but somehow it seems to afford satisfaction to a woman to have a wedding ceremony,

even although she is aware that the law will not recognise it, for many such marriages are performed in Sweden between English couples who afterwards return and live in England. An attempt is being made in the House of Lords this session to declare such marriages legal here, if they have taken place in an English colony where the legality of these marriages is accepted. Will Jersey be considered a colony under the Act if it be passed? It is a very *stormy voyage* to Jersey, but considerably *shorter* than to Victoria! It does seem anomalous, certainly, that the marriage that is legal in one part of her Majesty's dominions is not so in another.

Lady Henry Somerset's Home for Inebriate Women is proceeding apace, funds for it having been raised in the British Women's Temperance Association. Jane Cakebread, Lady Henry claims, cannot be considered a failure of the Home, for her case was insanity—always existing, but aggravated into acute mania by a little drink. Some insinuations having appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that Cakebread's treatment at the Home had been disadvantageous to her, Lady Henry began proceedings against the proprietor of that paper, and claimed £3000 damages, in order to prevent injury to the Home's prospects. The case has, however, been settled by the *Pall Mall* undertaking to publish a satisfactory explanation and apology.

It is expected that the present Government will introduce some measure for restraining the liberty of gross habitual drunkards. Individual liberty is a very precious principle, but it cannot include, in a social state, the liberty to make life a misery to others; and that this is the effect of drinking to excess, whether by a father or mother of a family, cannot be denied. Under the present existing Habitual Drunkards Act, the consent of the patient is required before he or she can be consigned to a curative establishment for a fixed period; and it is constantly found that the victim of the craze will promise to sign the needed document of consent, and will refuse at the critical moment to carry out the undertaking. Then nobody can compel it.

It is important, however, that excellent evidence shall be required before individuals are incarcerated without their will on the ground of their habitual drunkenness, or else we shall have the existing evils of the lunacy laws repeated and intensified. In the "Life of Countess Schimmelmann," just published in English, there is an account of how that lady, because she was spending all her income on mission work among the Baltic fishers, was declared mad by doctors at the request of her relatives, and incarcerated in such conditions of horror that it was a wonder she did not become truly insane. The case of Miss Lanchester shows how readily the same thing may happen here; but it is thought, because she got free, that such a scheme could not be carried out in this country. But I personally know a sane, and, indeed, unusually clever woman who was a long time in a madhouse on no other plea than that she believed she heard voices from heaven address her from time to time; and I have just now



A NEW DRESS.

received a reliable story from Scotland of how a woman of perfect sanity was "put away" as mad by her relations—a tale too long to give here. "Habitual drunkenness" will be yet more easily proved "to the satisfaction of a doctor" than is insanity; and there will be serious danger for all who are not total abstainers if a medical certificate be adopted in the forthcoming Act as sufficient to justify forcible restraint.

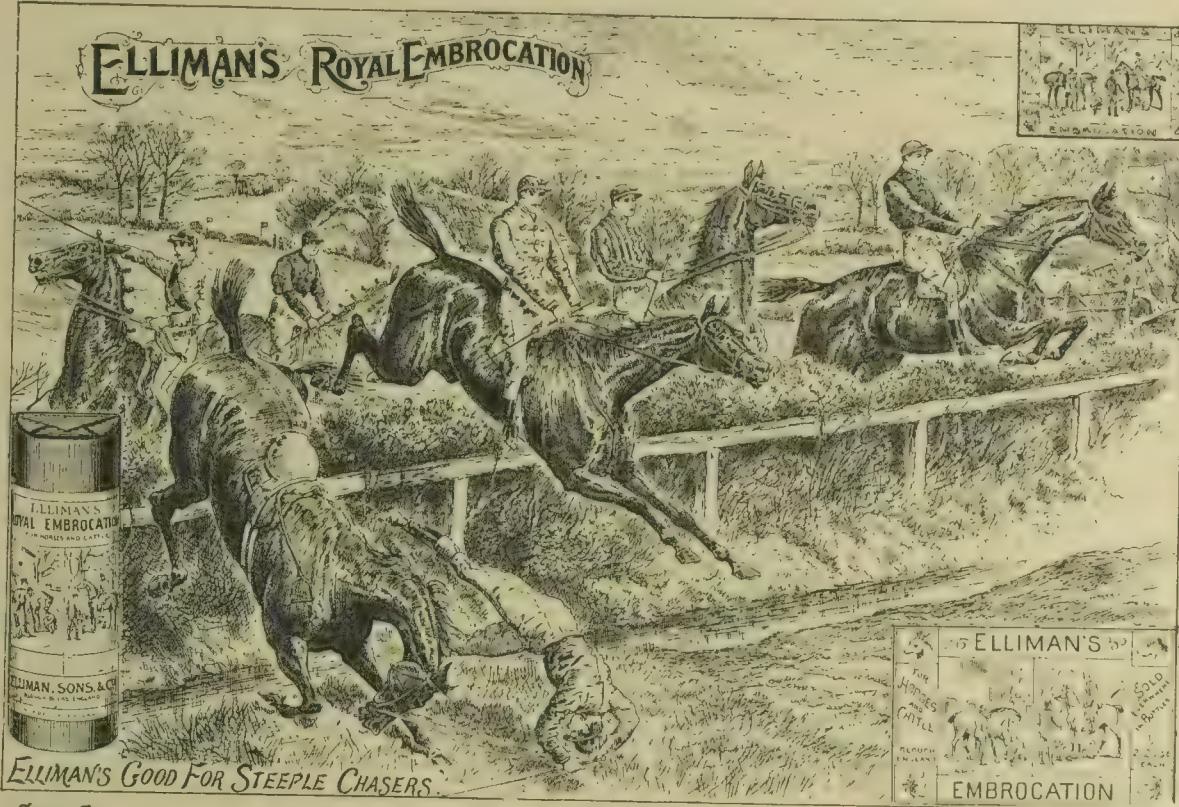
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"I can bear testimony to the value of your Embrocation wherever used in India.

"T. DEANE, Colonel, Director Army Remount Dépôt for India.
Simla, April 27, 1895."



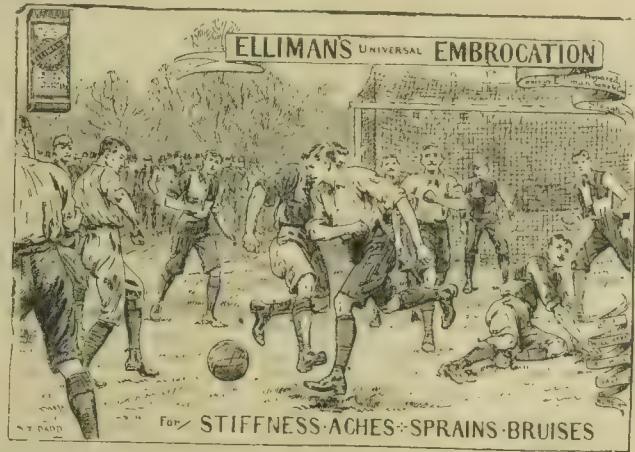
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IN SOLID SILVER AND
"QUEEN'S" PLATE.



ATHLETIC SPORTS
PRIZES IN SOLID SILVER
AND "QUEEN'S" PLATE.



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FORWARDED TO THE
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CHALLENGE
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Aug. 24, 1895), with two codicils (dated Sept. 25 and Oct. 9, 1895), of the Most Hon. John Henry De la Poer Beresford, Marquis of Waterford, of Curraghmore, Portlaw, Waterford, who died on Oct. 23, granted to Sir Robert Nigel Fitzhardinge Kingscote, K.C.B., Captain Owen Randal Stacke, C.B., and Cecil Chaplin, the executors, was resealed in London on March 14, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to £88,467. The testator gives £100 each to his brothers, Lord Charles, Lord William, Lord Marcus, and Lord De la Val Beresford for the purchase of a memento; £400 each to his executors, and an annuity of £120 to Miss Ruth Gomme during the time his two daughters remain unmarried and she acts as their companion. He charges his house in Charles Street, St. James's, with the payment of £100 a year each to his daughters, Lady Susan and Lady Clodagh Beresford, while unmarried. He bequeaths £20,000, upon trust, for his said two daughters, and under the powers of his marriage settlement appoints the sum of £20,000 between his younger children. The Mary Queen of Scots pearl necklace, the three-row pearl necklace, a diamond bracelet, a diamond ring, a sapphire ring, and three miniatures are to devolve as heirlooms with the peerage. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son the present Marquis.

The will (dated April 4, 1895) of Mr. George Mence Smith, of 69 and 104, Southwark Street, oil and colourman and general merchant, and of Elmhurst, Cavendish Road, Clapham Park, who died on Nov. 13, was proved on March 14 by Henry Russell, Henry Charles Summers, and Charles Thomas Barton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £268,438. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to the Royal Academy of Music, Tenterden Street, to found a scholarship to be named after him, and the Royal Society of Musicians, Lisle Street; and his painting, "Choosing a Deity," by Edwin Long,



RESTORATION OF ORFORD CHURCH, SUFFOLK: THE BISHOP OF NORWICH FIXING A CROSS ON THE NEW ROOF OF THE NAVE.

The interesting church at Orford, dating from the fifteenth century, has for some time past been in a sadly dilapidated condition, and three years ago the use of the nave was abandoned owing to its dangerous state. Services have since been held in the south aisle. The total cost of restoration is estimated at £10,000, but the Rector, the Rev. Edward Maude Scott, and committee have succeeded in raising a sufficient instalment towards this sum to enable them to put a new roof on the nave. On March 10 this renovated portion of the fine old fabric was reopened by the Bishop of Norwich, who performed the ceremony of fixing a cross upon the apex of the new roof.

R.A., to the Worshipful Company of Painters. He distributes the greater part of his large property in legacies to friends, partners, managers, and other persons in his employ, and others. The residue of his property is to be divided between forty-three of the legatees in proportion to the amount of their respective legacies.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1888) of Mr. Patrick Stirling, of Highfield House, Wheatley, Doncaster, locomotive engineer, who died on Nov. 11, was proved at the District Registry of Wakefield on Feb. 14 by Mrs. Margaret Laird Stirling, the widow, and Robert Stirling, Matthew Stirling, Patrick Stirling, and James Stirling, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £118,750. The testator bequeaths £10,000 to his wife, and £5000 each to his sons, Robert, Matthew, Patrick, and James, and to

was proved on March 10 by John Brouncker Ingle and John Barnford Slack, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £30,383. The testatrix gives £1000 to the Wesleyan Chapel at Brixton Hill; £3000 to her son-in-law Bernard le Neve Foster; £1000 to her daughter Clara Moyes, and numerous small legacies and specific gifts to relatives and servants. She devises Carisbrooke Villa to her daughter Helen Mary Soldi. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her daughters Ann Jarchow, Maria Bretherton, and Helen Mary Soldi.

The will, dated Aug. 9, 1895, of Mrs. Wilhelmina Georgina Stuart Auldjo, of 1, Rutland Gate, Hyde Park, and Neufchatel, Torquay, who died on Jan. 17, was proved on Feb. 29, by Edward John Stannard, one of the

LIPTON'S TEAS.

Tea Merchant.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY.
THE QUEEN.

LIPTON'S TEA-GARDENS
CEYLON

ONE OF
THE
WORLD CAN
PRODUCE

1^s/7 PER LB.
NO HIGHER PRICE.

RICH PURE
& FRAGRANT

1^s/- and 1^s/4 PER LB.

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

Chief Offices: City Road, London.

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his daughter, Jane. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and then between his five children in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 11, 1884), with two codicils (dated Nov. 19, 1888, and June 27, 1894), of Mr. Walter Frederick Ball, of Morningside, 5, Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead, who died on Feb. 11, was proved on March 7 by Mrs. Mary Anne Ball, the widow, Walter William Rouse Ball, the son, and William Garrard Snowden Gard, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £75,244. The testator gives £250 and his house, Morningside, with the furniture and household effects, to his wife; £10,000 to his son, Walter William Rouse Ball; £10,000, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Mary Anne Harriet Gard; £250 to his niece, Maria Rosalia Ball; £100 each to his grandchildren; and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then, for his said two children in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 22, 1895), with a codicil (dated Oct. 9, 1895) of Mrs. Ann Buswell Fletcher-Bennett, of Carisbrooke Villa, Upper Tulse Hill, who died on Jan. 27,

was proved on March 10 by John Brouncker Ingle and John Barnford Slack, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £30,383. The testatrix gives £1000 to the Wesleyan Chapel at Brixton Hill; £3000 to her son-in-law Bernard le Neve Foster; £1000 to her daughter Clara Moyes, and numerous small legacies and specific gifts to relatives and servants. She devises Carisbrooke Villa to her daughter Helen Mary Soldi. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her daughters Ann Jarchow, Maria Bretherton, and Helen Mary Soldi.

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"A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN."

THERE is nothing more beautiful to behold than a beautiful woman, a woman whose clear-cut features are enhanced by a clear complexion and well formed and rounded figure.

She is the admiration of the men and the envy of the women. The questions with which her female friends besiege her on the subject of her beauty are legion: they ask her why her skin is always so clear and soft while they always have blotches and pimples; how it is her arms and neck are so plump while they have holes in their necks like salt-cellars, and their arms are all angles and corners; and how she can always wear that contented, cheerful expression, and be so even tempered, while they are martyrs to sick headache, indigestion, and a tired, irritable feeling.

If they would only make intelligent investigations, the beautiful woman would tell them that her beauty is not due particularly to outward applications, but to the care she gives to her general health. She keeps her system well regulated, is careful of her diet, sleeps nine hours out of the twenty-four, takes a cold plunge or sponge bath every morning upon rising, and then exercises a little time with her two-pound dumb-bells.

Her stockings are held by suspenders from the shoulders, thus allowing for the free circulation of the blood, her corsets are loose, and her skirts made either with bodices or straps to come over the shoulders.

If the weather allows she walks several miles daily, wearing flat-heeled, broad-toed boots, which enable her to throw her shoulders back and her head well up, thus expanding the lungs. She avoids very strong tea, coffee, and rich-made dishes, and invariably takes her meals at stated times, never hurrying. After each meal she takes about ten drops of Vogeler's Curative Compound in a wineglass of water. In her opinion this is the most reliable and beneficial medicine a woman can take, being made from the formula of an eminent West-End London physician. She used to suffer from indigestion, sick headache, constipation, torpid liver, sluggish kidneys, nervousness, want of vitality, sudden faintness and female weakness, and very often eruptions on her face and neck, but they are all evils of the past since she has taken her favourite medicine; and now that she has perfect health, and is told on all sides that she has a lovely figure and a complexion like velvet, she naturally thinks she may, without appearing vain, consider herself a "Picture of Health." Apropos of this favourite medicine, Vogeler's

Curative Compound has attained great prominence in the public mind of late, and entirely upon its own merits. The formula from which it is prepared by the well-known firm, the Charles A. Vogeler Co., 45, Farringdon Road, London, E.C. (proprietors of St. Jacobs Oil, established fifty years),

price at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d. per bottle, so that it is within the reach of all. Readers may run across a chemist now and then who does not keep it; in this event, the proprietors will be very pleased to send forward a bottle post free upon receipt of fourteen or thirty penny postage stamps, or equivalent.

Some most wonderful cures effected by taking this truly wonderful medicine have been brought to their notice. They would give the case of Mrs. E. Grimshaw, of 3, Westcliffe Road, Shipley, who was afflicted with eczema in her legs and feet for years; she suffered the most dreadful agony. She consulted the best medical men in her district, both privately and at hospitals, took the waters at Harrogate, and, in fact, religiously pursued all kinds of treatment prescribed for her without benefit, until she took Vogeler's Curative Compound. The contents of the first bottle cooled her blood, and the terrible itching was reduced. She has now taken fourteen bottles in six months, and her skin is as clear and soft as possible, her general health improved, and, although she is just upon fifty-five years of age, she is a picture of health.

Another case is that of Mrs. Lilian Smith, of 21, Cambridge Road, Walthamstow. She suffered terribly from nervous prostration and hysteria, complicated with dyspepsia, disordered liver, and kidneys, for nine years. Her medical advisers finally gave her up, stating that they could only afford her temporary relief; she heard of Vogeler's Curative Compound, and decided as a last resource to try a bottle. She felt so much better after the first few doses that she decided to give it a fair trial. She has now exhausted the contents of four bottles, and is completely cured.

Mrs. Featherstonehaugh, of Waskerley, near Darlington, was afflicted with skin disease on her face and neck for eighteen years, but could not obtain benefit from either her medical men nor from any medicine she took until she tried Vogeler's Curative Compound. She persevered with this wonderful medicine, and in a little over a year every trace of her dreadful disease had disappeared. She is now a beautiful woman—a perfect picture of health. The proprietors are in possession of numberless other excellent testimonials which they would like to quote, but space will not admit. They would, however, add this sound advice to any who may be suffering from indigestion, nervousness, general debility, disordered liver, sluggish kidneys, skin diseases, and all kindred ailments resulting from impure blood: they cannot do better than give this medicine a fair trial, for by so doing they can almost consider themselves under medical treatment, as it is made from an eminent physician's prescription.



was supplied to them by an eminent West End London physician, who has spent years of his life perfecting this formula. The firm to whom he entrusted his discovery have made its virtues known to the public in a very straightforward and convincing manner. They have wisely put the

ST. JACOBS OIL

ESTABLISHED
FIFTY YEARS.

AFFLICTED TWENTY YEARS.

MR. WILLIAM DEAN, of 6, Barleyfield Row, Walsall, says:—"I have been afflicted with Rheumatism almost continually for twenty years. For twelve months I was unable to work; I tried different hospitals many doctors, and several kinds of medicine, all to no use; was unable to get rest night or day until I used ST. JACOBS OIL. As the result of using this marvellous Oil I can now sleep well, and go to my work regularly every day free from pain, perfectly cured."

The CHRISTIAN GLOBE says:

"A MAN employed at the Central Fish Market, London, was for three years helpless with Rheumatism, and after having been sent to three different hospitals, was declared incurable. After four days' use of ST. JACOBS OIL he could move his arm without pain. Continuing the use of it, all pain, swelling, and stiffness disappeared. He is now cured and at work."



ACTS
LIKE MAGIC.

Price 1/1½ & 2/6.

Conquers Pain.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., 45, FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON,
Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers.

CURES

Rheumatism.

Sprains. Strains.

Bruises. Soreness.

Stiffness. Sore Throat.

Chest Colds. Neuralgia.

Lumbago. Backache.

Headache. Feetache.

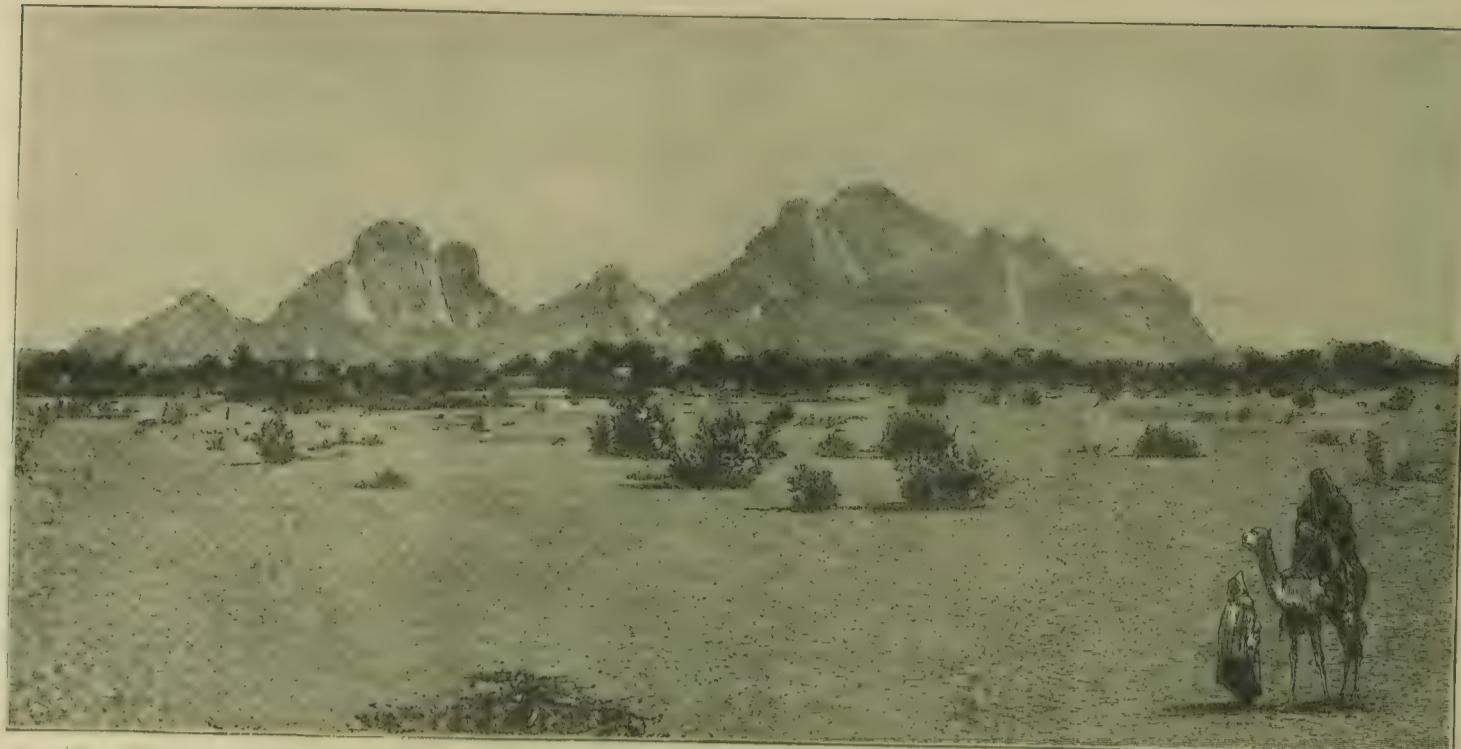
And all Bodily Aches and Pains.

ST. JACOBS OIL, in Yellow Wrappers, as supplied by us to the Imperial Stables of Russia, and to the trade generally, for use on Horses, Cattle, and Dogs, is the same as that for Human use except that it is stronger, more penetrating, and is not so perfectly clear in colour as that in White Wrappers for Human use.

The Great Pain-killing Remedy.

There is nothing so good.

executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £51,612. The testatrix bequeaths £100 each to the Dogs' Home (Battersea), the Royal Hospital for Incurables (Putney), the National Home for Boys (Walstop House, Kennington), and the Charity Organisation Society; £3000 each to Alfred Schultze, Liliano Schultze, and Amelia Schultze; £2000 to Francis M. Schultze; two oil paintings to Sir Henry Malet; a water-colour by Bouvier to Lady Malet; the picture of "Lady Godiva and the Earl of Coventry," to Edward Henry Corbould; £6000 to Mrs. Wilhelm Schultze; her pearl necklace to John Rose Auldjo, and legacies to relatives and servants. The residue of her real and personal



KASSALA, THE FRONTIER GARRISON OF THE ITALIANS IN THE SOUDAN, ENDANGERED BY THE ATTACKS OF THE DERVISHES.

The important military position of Kassala, which has lately been the centre of some sharp skirmishing between the Italians, whose garrison is stationed there, and the Dervish followers of Osman Digna, the Lieutenant of the Khalifa Abdullah, lies on the river Gash, or Mareb, which flows from the mountains on the northern frontier of Abyssinia. It was formerly a large and thriving town, but its chief importance at the present time arises from its situation half-way between Khartoum and the seaport of Massowah. If any check is to be put upon the cruel tyranny of the Khalifa and of Osman Digna, the marauder who represents him in the Eastern Sudan, it is essential that the stronghold of Kassala should remain in the keeping of a civilised Power. In any action of the British and Egyptian forces in combination with the Italian

estate she leaves, upon trust, for Mrs. Beatrice Schultze for life, and upon her death between all her children as she shall appoint.

the ratepayers of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the income of half the residue of his property to his wife, Mrs. Mary Hunter. Subject to the life interest of Mrs. Hunter, he

HUMANITY OF THIS LIFE

*A Thousand Years scarce serve to Form a State,
An Hour may lay it in the Dust.—BYRON.*

DIPLOMACY OF STATESMEN, the IMPOTENCE of ARMIES and NAVIES,
SUPERSEDED in this OVERGROWN DEAD CHRISTENDOM of Ours,
By a Simple FULCRUM, LEVER, & POWER—WHICH FORCE COULD NEVER ACHIEVE!!!

LOVE would put A NEW FACE
ON this WEARY OLD WORLD in which we
dwell as
PAGANS and ENEMIES too long; and
IT would WARM the HEART
TO see how fast the VAIN
DIPLOMACY of STATESMEN, the
IMPOTENCE of ARMIES and NAVIES
AND Lines of DEFENCE, would be
SUPERSEDED by this UNARMED CHILD.
LOVE will CREEP where it cannot go;
WILL accomplish that by IMPERCEPTIBLE
METHODS—
BEING its own FULCRUM, LEVER, and
POWER—
WHICH FORCE could NEVER achieve.
HAVE you not seen in the woods on a late
Autumn morning
A poor FUNGUS or MUSHROOM,
A Plant WITHOUT any SOLIDITY—
NAY, that seemed nothing but a SOFT
MUSH JELLY—
BY its CONSTANT, BOLD, and
INCONCEIVABLE GENTLE PUSHING
MANAGE TO BREAK ITS WAY UP
THROUGH THE FROSTY GROUND,

For of all sad words of Tongue or Pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'—Whittier.



PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY, ABOUT 400 B.C.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—From the days of Naaman the Syrian to the present time the simplicity of a remedy often militates against its acceptability in the eyes of the ignorant sufferer. As the captain of the host of the King of Syria rebelled at the injunction, 'Wash and be clean,' so the dyspeptic to-day, in only too many instances, treats with ungrounded contempt a curative agent at once so natural and efficacious as ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' And this in the face of evidences of its value as numerous as they are unimpeachable. In this particular case, however, Mr. J. C. Eno, whose name is more prominently connected with saline preparations than any other manufacturer, may rightly claim to have generally educated the public mind up to an approximately appreciative understanding of the remedial virtues possessed by this compound. The labour has been an Herculean one, demanding not only an almost heroic amount of strength and courage, but also an infinite measure of wit and originality that have scarcely met with the recognition so justly their due. Did the world stand still or did the generation that is to be benefit very fully by the experience gathered by their predecessors, but little necessity would exist for dwelling upon the special recommendations of ENO'S world-famous 'FRUIT SALT.' It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents

one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records. In view of the constant and steady influx of new buyers into all the markets of the world, it is impossible to rest on laurels, however ardently won or freshly gathered, and for this reason I have pleasure in again, though briefly, directing the attention of readers of this journal to the genuine qualities possessed by ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Residents in the fever-haunted regions to be found in some of our Colonial possessions, travellers at home and abroad, dwellers in the Tropics, the *bon vivant* no less than the man to whom the recommendation 'Eat and be merry' is a sarcasm and a gibe—one and all may, with advantage to themselves, be reminded of a remedy that meets their special requirements with a success approaching the miraculous."—*European Mail.*

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—WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM!**—A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of *abominable imitations* are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—*Adams.*

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CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed upon by a **WORTHLESS Imitation.**

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

The will (dated June 1, 1890) of Mr. John Joseph Hunter, J.P., of The Grange, Whickham, Durham, who died on Dec. 10, was proved on Feb. 8 at the Durham District Registry by John Alfred Hunter, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £34,557. The testator gives his share and interest in the business of J. Hunter and Co., merchants, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to his son, John Alfred Hunter; and the use for life of The Grange, with the furniture and effects, carriages and horses, live and dead stock, the plate presented to his late father by

the ratepayers of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the income of

half the residue of his property to his wife, Mrs. Mary Hunter. Subject to the life interest of Mrs. Hunter, he

LOVE OF LIFE.

*'Tis Life, NOT Death,
For which we Pant;
More Life and Fuller,
That we want!—Tennyson.*



Preliminary Notice.

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settles The Grange, with the lands and hereditaments, and the said presentation plate, upon his eldest son, John Alfred Hunter. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between all his children, in equal shares.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. Thomas Brian Mellersh, of Holloway Hill House, Godalming, solicitor, who died on July 11, intestate, a bachelor without father, were granted on March 2 to Mrs. Fanny Mellersh, the mother, the value of the personal estate being £13,023.

The will, with a codicil, of the Rev. Sir John Warren Hayes, Bart., of Newlands, Berks, who died on Jan. 23, was proved on March 13 by John Simonds, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5430.

The will of Mr. Horace William Scriven, of 107, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, who died on Feb. 5, was proved on March 9 by John Temple Scriven, the son, and Arthur Thomas Marson, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £13,853.

The will of General Sir Charles John Foster, K.C.B., Colonel of the 16th Lancers, of 48, Victoria Road, Kensington, who died on Feb. 11, was proved on March 5 by Colonel Charles Edward Foster and Lieutenant-Colonel Sydney Foster, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8093.

The will of Major-General Sir Charles Henry Palliser, G.C.B., of Queen Anne's Mansions, Hyde Park, who died on Nov. 22, was proved on March 16 by Dame Harriet Bertha Palliser, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £148.

EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

The availability of the special cheap week-end tickets issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, April 3, 4, and 5, to the seaside, will be extended for return up to and including Wednesday, April 8.

Special Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Dieppe.

On Thursday, April 2, a fourteen-day excursion to Paris by the picture route through the charming scenery of Normandy, to the terminus near the Madeleine, via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by the special day express service, and also by the fixed night express service, on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, April 1 to 6 inclusive.

On Good Friday and Easter Sunday and Monday day trips at greatly reduced excursion fares will be run from London to Brighton, Hove, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Tunbridge Wells, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings.

Extra trains will be run from London, as required by the traffic, to the Crystal Palace Grand Sacred Concert on Good Friday, and the Special Holiday Entertainments on Easter Monday, Tuesday, and following days, returning in the evening at frequent intervals.

On Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, April 3, 4, and 5, special cheap week-end return tickets to Brighton, Hove, Worthing, Bognor, Portsmouth, Southsea, the Isle of Wight, Hastings, Bexhill, Eastbourne, Seaford, Tunbridge Wells, etc., will be issued from London and suburban stations, available to return on any day up to and including Wednesday, April 8.

Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Portsmouth, Southsea, and the Isle of Wight.

On Easter Tuesday, cheap day trips will be run from London to Brighton, Hove, and Worthing.

Cheap return tickets to Caen, for Normandy and Brittany, available for a week, will also be issued from London every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday by the direct route via Newhaven and Oustreham.

The Brighton Company announce that their West End offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, will remain open till 10 p.m. on the evenings of Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, April 1, 2, and 4, for the sale of the special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line and to the Continent, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

Similar tickets at the same fares may also be obtained at the Company's City Offices, 6, Arthur Street, East; and Hays' Agency, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at Cook's Offices, Ludgate Circus, 33, Piccadilly, 13, Cockspur Street, 445, West Strand, 99, Gracechurch Street, 82, Oxford Street, and Euston Road (St. Pancras Station); Gaze's Offices, 142, Strand, 18, Westbourne Grove, 4, Northumberland Avenue, and Piccadilly Circus; also at the Army and Navy Stores, and the Civil Service Supply Association.

ART NOTES.

In this country Mr. A. H. Studd's brother, the cricketer and missionary, is more widely known than the painter who furnishes materials for an interesting show at the Goupil Gallery. In Paris, however, our fellow-countryman has already made a certain reputation, especially among those who hold rather to the school of art most in favour at the Champ de Mars exhibitions. Mr. A. H. Studd has drawn much of his inspiration from Mr. Whistler, and his draughtsmanship, which is his strongest quality, is often as vigorous, though not as flexible, as that of his master. He is cleverest in his crayon drawings, especially when he limits himself to a single figure—such as "La Tricoteuse," "The Good Housewife," "At the Spinning Wheel," and other studies from work-a-day life. In such drawings his strength is shown in the simplicity of his work, for he can often express a distinct phase of thought or feeling by a very few lines—the real triumph of the artist-draughtsman. In his coloured works Mr. Studd is scarcely so successful: their composition is too laboriously simple; the effort to be plain results in being dull, and in giving a scene which is neither cheerful nor endowed with atmospheric qualities. His colour, in fact, cannot keep up to the level of his composition or of his drawing. Mr. Studd, however, is young, and he obviously has a teachable spirit, which in due course will move him to higher achievements.

On the other hand, Mr. A. Harvey Moore's "Yachting Reminiscences," on view at Messrs. Henry Graves's Gallery (Pall. Mall), owe all their charm to the painter's breeziness and freshness of style. He has made himself familiar with the aspects of Channel and North Sea coast scenery, and has dashed off with no little spirit some hundred or more notes of sea and sky between Hastings



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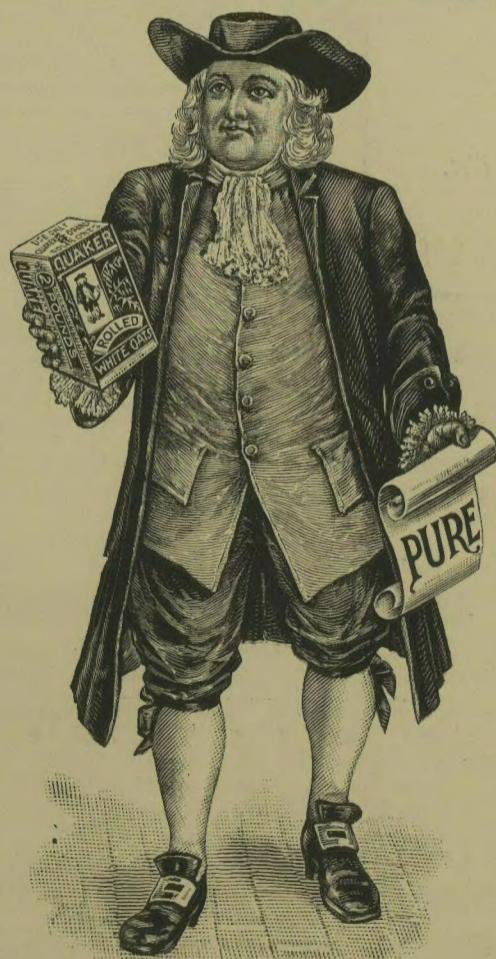
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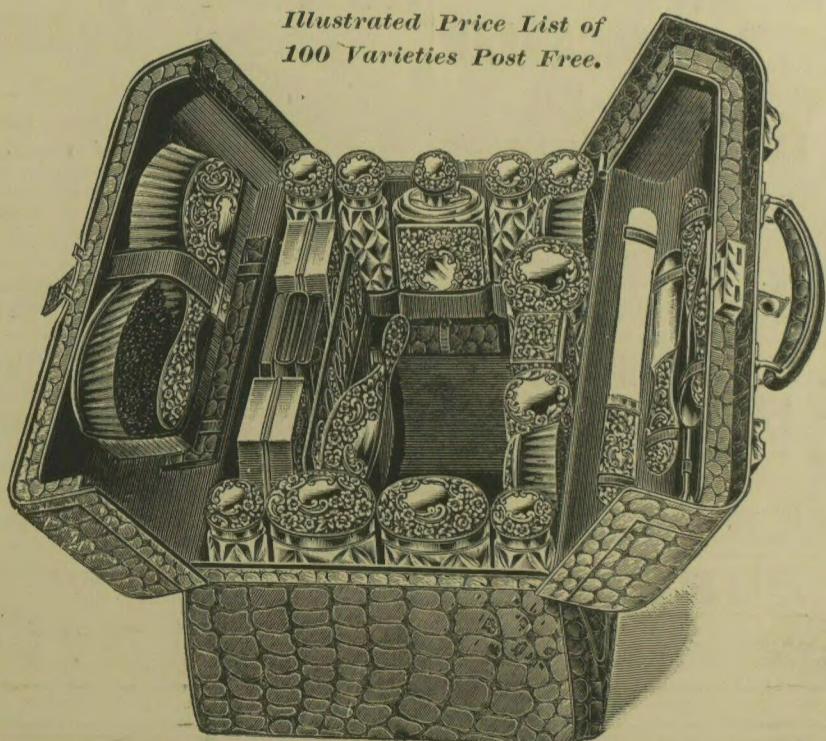
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and Harwich. Mr. Moore's favourite sketching ground, however, is the coast of Essex. Brightlingsea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Leigh, and Harwich, during the months when shipping and yachting make the coast gay, furnish him with excellent materials, and as the colder weather and sometimes warmer tints drew on, he seems to have found in Hastings and Southampton Water many pleasant themes which he has turned to good account.

The annual report of the Director of the National Gallery shows that the idea of circulating works of art, which Mr. Poynter probably gained during his work at the South Kensington Museum, has been slightly extended. All the pictures lent to provincial museums are by English painters, with one single exception—a "cattle piece" by

Schweickhardt—which, however, has never been thought worthy of a place on the walls of the National Gallery, but is considered good enough for the Blackburn Art Gallery. On the other hand, where the trustees have been able to get a *quid pro quo*—as from the South Kensington Museum—they have shown greater liberality, a fine set of water-colour drawings by Turner, de Wint, and Cattermole having been temporarily exchanged for eighteen oil pictures, of which the most noteworthy are the St. Dominic by Giovanni Bellini, a fresco by Perugino, a Holy Family by Vivarini, and a monochrome sketch of "The Crucifixion" by Rubens.

The amount of public money spent in the purchase of thirteen pictures during the year was in round numbers £9750,

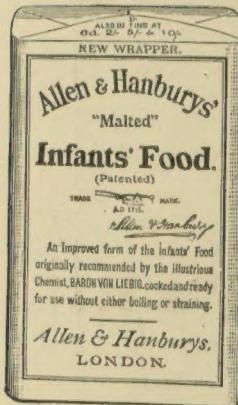
the largest prices paid being £3000 to Lord Ashburnham for "The Vision of St. Eustace," by Vittore Pisano; £2000 to Lord Northbrook for "A Holy Family" by Sebastian del Piombo; and £2310 for "A Galiot in a Gale," by J. S. Cotman, purchased at the sale of the Price collection. At Lord Clifden's sale three pictures were bought, of which "Covent Garden Market," as it was in the last century, will probably be most popular, and at the same time most interesting to students, as the work of an almost unknown artist, B. Nebot, a contemporary of Hogarth. A St. Sebastian, by Matteo di Giovanni, a Siennese painter, and a group of Burgomasters, formerly known as "The Wine Contract," by Gerbrand van Eeckhout, are the other more important purchases of the year. Two pictures by British masters have been purchased out of the Lewis



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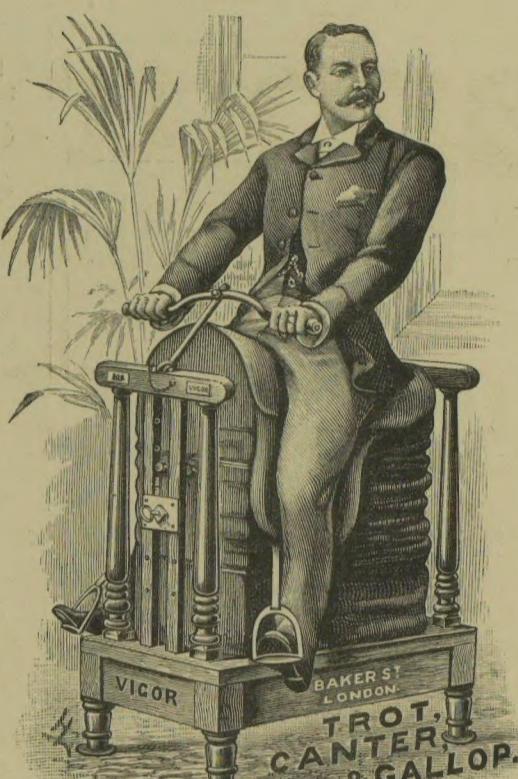
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will never fade from my memory; and a friend of mine who passed through the same district many months afterwards, informed me that my fame as a 'medicine man' had not died out."

Fund, and a work of the Milanese school out of the Walker Bequest.

The bequests and donations to the Gallery during the year have been more important than the purchases, and, although the Trustees, by no fault of their own, lost the French pictures of Mrs. Lyne Stephens, they nevertheless inherited two works—the marvellously executed "Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine," by David Gheeraert, originally painted for and preserved in the Church of St. Donatian, at Bruges, and the Portrait of a Lady by an unknown Flemish artist. Lord Savile, moreover, presented "A Betrothal," by Velasquez; Lord Carlisle "The Circumcision," by Giovanni Bellini; Sir J. C. Robinson, a "Christ and the Money-Changers," by Il Greco; and Mrs. Edwards has at least started the modern French school with François Bonvin's "Village Green"; while the Duke of

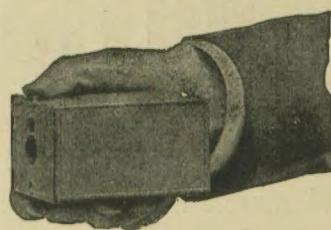
Westminster supports the British school by Hogarth's "Calais Gate," a work more intimately connected with the artist's personal history than are most of his pictures.

The Director makes no reference in his report to the recent decision of the Trustees to issue an annual supplement to the catalogue at the cost of one penny. Such, however, we learn from other sources, is their intention. In view of the fact that during the past year nearly 1500 catalogues of the foreign schools were sold in a notoriously incomplete state, the edition dating more than a year back, this decision will be received with satisfaction by all who wish to keep themselves informed of the gradual development of the National Gallery.

In connection with the pictures in Trafalgar Square, we may call attention to the reproduction now being made of

the principal works in permanent carbon by the Hanfstaengl process. The most recent publications comprise Botticelli's "Virgin and Child with St. John and an Angel" (one of the most beautiful and characteristic works of the great Florentine painter), Paris Bordone's "Daphne and Chloe," and Rubens' "Peace and War," otherwise known as "The Blessings of Peace," which was originally presented by the painter to Charles I. when he came to England as an Ambassador from Spain to negotiate a treaty of peace. The picture, which Mr. Ruskin pronounced to be far superior to everything at Antwerp, was sold by order of the Commonwealth Parliament for the modest sum of £100. After a long sojourn abroad it was bought by the Marquis of Stafford for £3000, and by him presented to the National Gallery, where there are now at least a dozen worthy specimens of the great painter's work; but none which better lends itself to photographic reproduction.

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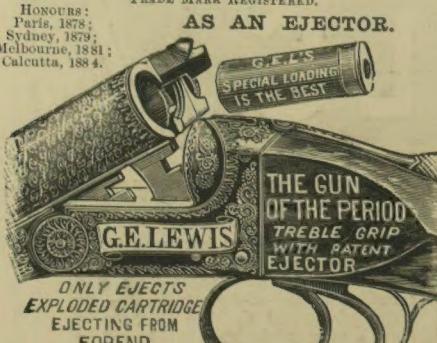
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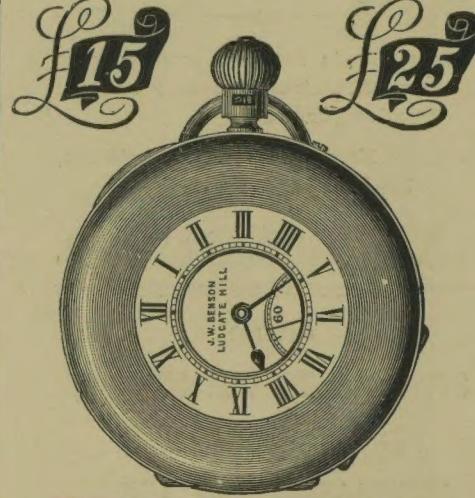
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